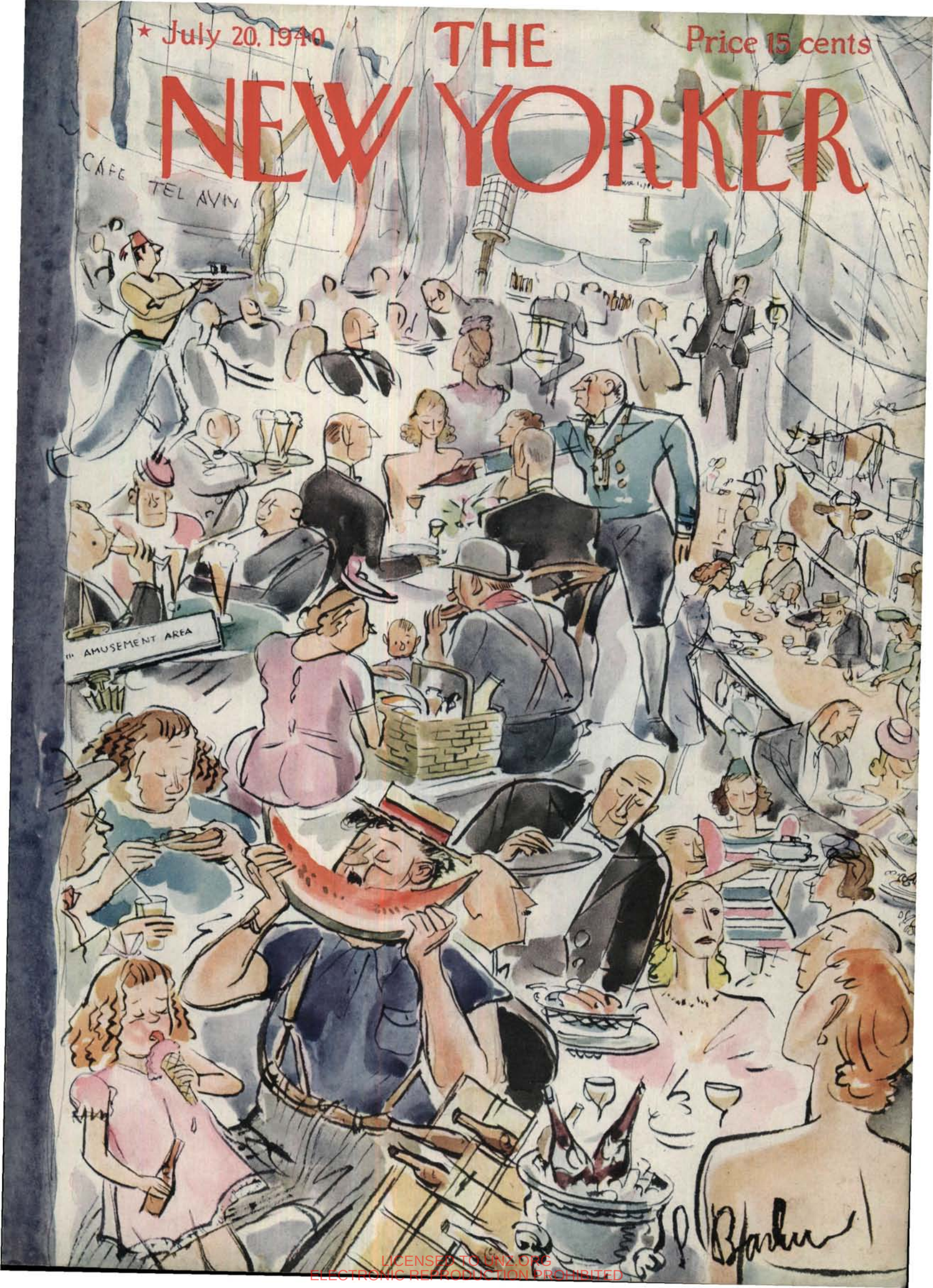
★ July 20, 1940

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



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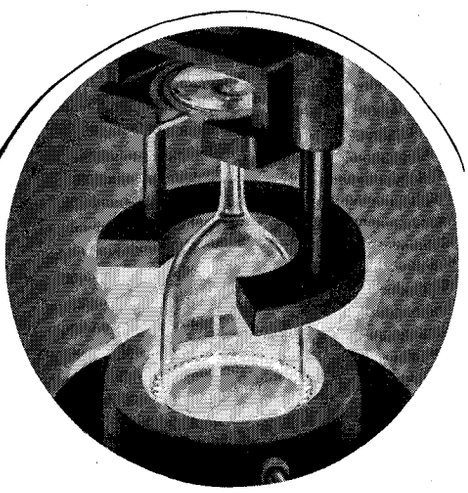
makes Glassware at home in any setting



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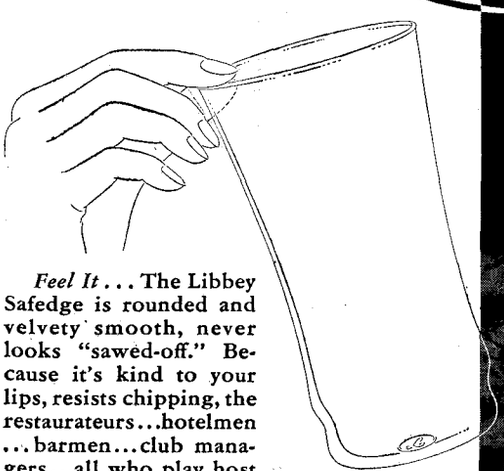

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Ladies in Retirement—Poor Miss Fiske objects to having her guests track up the house with dead birds and driftwood, and winds up in her own oven. Gilbert Miller's production of one of the best English melodramas in years is helped enormously by Flora Robson, Estelle Winwood, Jessamine Newcombe, and Isobel Elsom. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the red-headed Day family loose on the stage in an intelligent and high-spirited comedy. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are excellent as Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Male Animal—Academic freedom made the subject of a real comedy which is more free than academic, thanks to James Thurber, one of the authors. The other author, Elliott Nugent, heads a gifted cast. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—Monty Woolley is splendid as the famous raconteur who turns an Ohio household upside down. John Hoysradt and Carol Goodner are a couple of his famous friends. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

There Shall Be No Night—The Theatre Guild and the Playwrights' Company have given Robert E. Sherwood's impressive and passionate indictment of isolationism a beautiful production, and the Lunts are practically perfect in it. The cast includes Richard Whorf, Sydney Greenstreet, Montgomery Clift, and Elisabeth Fraser. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:40. No performances Sat. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Thurs.)

Tobacco Road—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Du Barry Was a Lady—Bawdy in an expensive way, but also very funny, thanks to Bert Lahr and Ethel Merman. Cole Porter music. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Louisiana Purchase—A fine musical comedy about New Orleans politics, possibly under the late Senator Long, written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. Victor Moore is magnificent as a New England reformer, and William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

New Hellz-a-Poppin—Not a great deal different from the old one, but was that bad? With Olsen and Johnson. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Walk with Music—A musical comedy, which is nothing if not summery, about love in Palm Beach. Kitty Carlisle, Mitzi Green, Betty Lawford, and Frances Williams are some of the people mixed up in it. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Jones Beach—A big variety show, with a water ballet, water sports, and fireworks. (Marine Stadium, Jones Beach, L.I. Wantagh 1600. Sat. Eves. at 8:30.)

SUMMER STOCK

(In this listing you may find one or more theatres not too distant from where you happen to be in the country. No matinées, unless otherwise noted.)

Amherst—Jane Cowl in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion": through Sat., July 20. Ina Claire in "Biography": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Kirby Memorial Theatre, Amherst, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Branford—"The Chorus Lady": through Sat., July 20. Carol Stone in "The Pursuit of Happiness": Tues. through Sat., July 23-27. (Montowese Playhouse, Indian Neck, Branford, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

Cambridge—Miriam Battista and Walter Slezak in "The Good Fairy": through Sat., July 20. James Rennie in "The Spider": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Cambridge Summer Theatre, Brattle Hall, Cambridge, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed.)

Cape May—Julie Haydon and Hugh Rennie in "What a Life!": through Sat., July 20. Julie Haydon and Hugh Rennie in "Glamour": Tues. through Sat., July 23-27. (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. 8:45.)

Cedarhurst—Ethel Barrymore in "The School for Scandal": through Sat., July 20. Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Cedarhurst Playhouse, Cedarhurst, L.I. 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Clinton—Pert Kelton in "Cupcake," a new comedy by Charles Schnee: through Sat., July 20. Sinclair Lewis in "Ah, Wilderness!": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

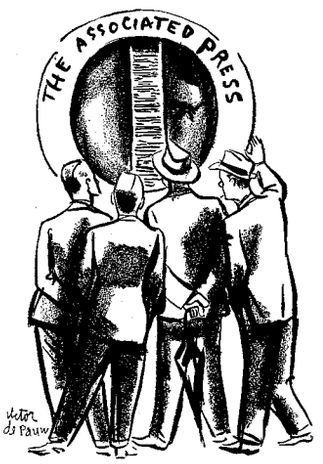
Cohasset—Violet Heming in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow": through Sat., July 20. Laurette Taylor in "Outward Bound": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (South Shore Players, Cohasset, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Dennis—Irene Castle in "Tonight at 8:30": through Sat., July 20. Joe E. Brown in "Elmer the Great": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Fri.)

East Hampton—"Tonight at 8:30": Fri. and Sat., July 19-20. Jimmy Savo in "Mum's the Word": Fri. and Sat., July 26-27. (John Drew Memorial Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. 9 o'clock.)

Gloucester—Mady Christians in "No Time for Comedy": through Sat., July 20. Pauline Lord in "The Late Christopher Bean": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Bass Rocks Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Great Neck—Jean Adair and Maurice Burke in "The Show-Off": through Sat., July 20. "A Man's House," first American production of this play by the late John Drinkwater: Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Chapel Theatre, Middle Neck Rd., Great Neck, L.I. 8:50.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 27. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
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EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

Guilford—Ruth Chatterton in "Private Lives": through Sat., July 20. Gloria Stuart in "Accent on Youth": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Harrison—Tallulah Bankhead in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray": through Sat., July 20. Grace George in "Kind Lady": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Deertrees Theatre, Harrison, Me. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., Thurs., and Fri.)

Holyoke—Taylor Holmes in "On Borrowed Time": through Sat., July 20. "You Can't Take It with You": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Mt. Park Casino, Holyoke, Mass. 8:20. Mats. 2:30, Sat.)

Ivoryton—Buddy Ebsen in "The Poor Nut": through Sat., July 20. Teddy Hart in "See My Lawyer": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Fri.)

Jutland—"The Vinegar Tree": through Sat., July 20. Mitzi Mayfair in "Little Jessie James": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Hunterdon Hills Playhouse, Jutland, N.J. 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Locust Valley—Wesley Addy in "The Constant Nymph": through Sat., July 20. John Cromwell in "Berkeley Square": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Red Barn Theatre, Locust Valley, L.I. 9 o'clock.)

Maplewood—Ina Claire in "Biography": through Sat., July 20. Jane Cowl in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Maplewood Theatre, Maplewood, N.J. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Marblehead—Ezra Stone in "What a Life!": through Sat., July 20. Libby Holman and Betty Hutton in "The Greeks Had a Word for It": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

Martha's Vineyard—"Family Portrait": through Sat., July 20. Joanna Roos and Leo Chalzel in "The Vinegar Tree": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Rice Playhouse, Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Matunuck—Tala Birell in "The Guardsman": through Sat., July 20. Tallulah Bankhead in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

Mt. Kisco—Walter Hampden in "A Successful Calamity": through Sat., July 20. José Ferrer and Keenan Wynn in "Charley's Aunt": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Westchester Playhouse, Lawrence Farms, Route 117, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed.)

New Hope—Constance Collier and Alan Campbell in "Our Betters": through Sat., July 20. Louis Calhern in "The Affairs of Anatol": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Fri.)

Newport—Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry": through Sat., July 20. Doris Dalton and Dorothy Sands in "At Mrs. Beam's": Tues. through Sat., July 23-27. (Casino Civic Theatre, Newport, R.I. Tues. Eves. at 9 o'clock; other Eves. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs.)

Ogunquit—Cornelia Otis Skinner in "Biography": through Sat., July 20. Madge Evans and Bramwell Fletcher in "The Greeks Had a Word for It": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Me. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Fri.)

Orwigsburg—Ann Corio and James Kirkwood in "The Barker": through Sat., July 20. "The Hottentot": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Kenley Deer Lake Theatre, Orwigsburg, Pa. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Sat.)

Princeton—Claudia Morgan in "The Bat": through Sat., July 20. Mildred Natwick in "Green Grow the Lilacs": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N.J. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

Ridgefield—"Whistling in the Dark": through Sat., July 20. Paul and Grace Hartman in "Tonight at 8:30": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (New England Playhouse, Ridgefield, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

Roslyn—"Soft Shoulders," a new play by Christopher Morley: through Sat., July 20. (Millpond Theatre, Roslyn, L.I. 9 o'clock.)

Rye Beach—"Bedtime Story," a new play by Horace Jackson and Grant Garrett: through Sat., July 20. Florence Reed in "The Walrus and the Carpenter," a new comedy by Noel Langley: Tues. through Sat., July 23-27. (Farragut Playhouse, Rye Beach, N.H. 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—"The Hottentot": through Sat., July 20. Alison Skipworth in "Criminal at Large": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. 9 o'clock. Mats. 2:40, Thurs.)

Schenectady—Beulah Bondi in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch": through Sat., July 20. Cornelia Otis Skinner in "Biography": Tues. through Sat., July 23-27. (Mohawk Drama Festival, Union College, Schenectady, N.Y. 8:45.)

Skowhegan—"Children of Today," a new comedy by Frederic and Fanny Hatton: through Sat., July 20. "The Hard Way," a new comedy by Allen Boretz: Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Lake-

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. dir. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XVI, No. 23, July 20, 1940. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1940, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A.

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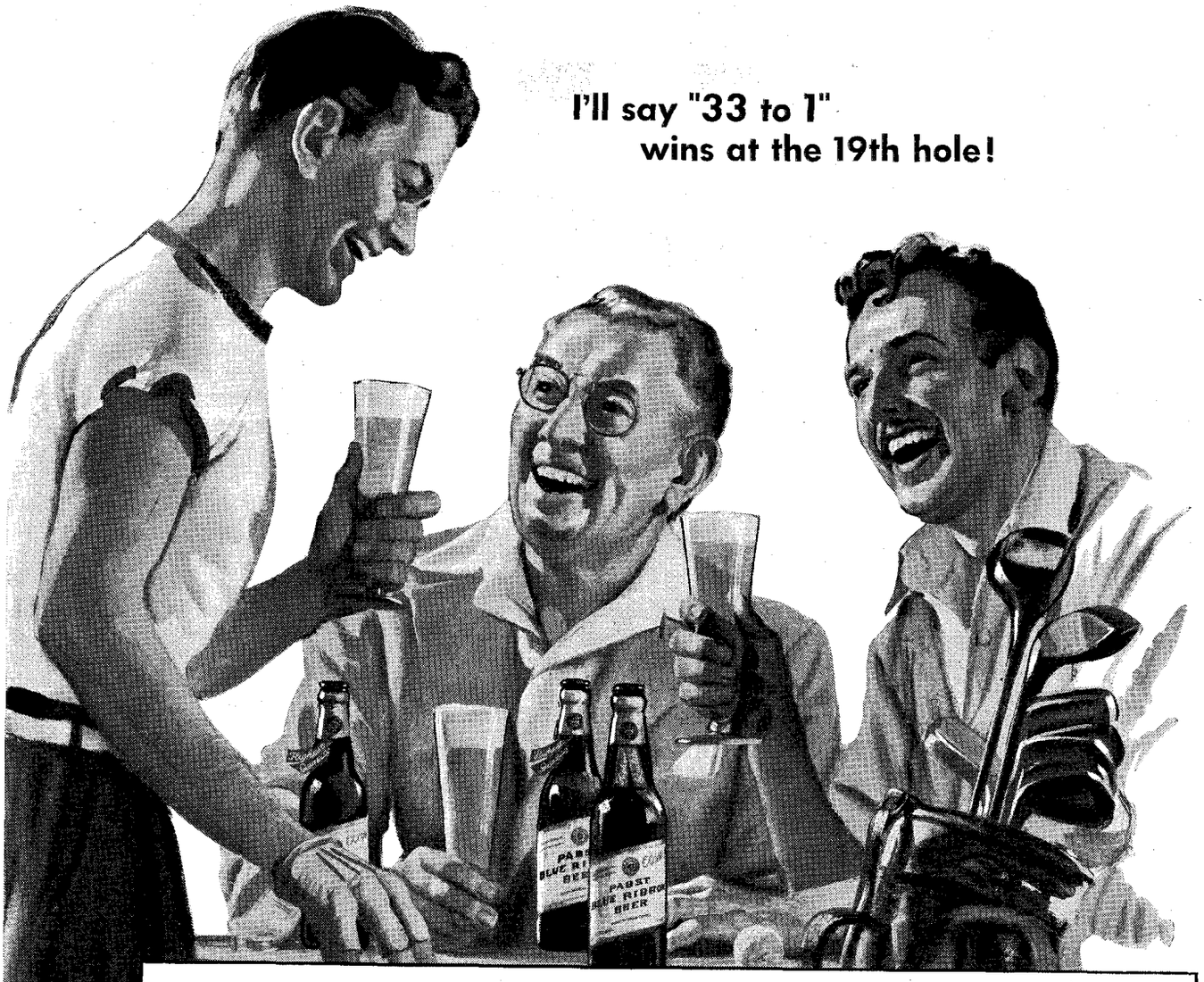

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

wood Players, Skowhegan, Me. 8 o'clock. Mats. 2:30, Sat.)

SPRING LAKE—Imogene Coca and Rex O'Malley in "Tonight at 8:30": through Sat., July 20. Nancy Carroll and A. P. Kaye in "Lot's Wife": Wed. through Sat., July 24-27. (Community Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Thurs.)

STAMFORD—Jessie Royce Landis in "Second Helping," a new comedy by David Carey: through Sat., July 20. (Community Playhouse, 45 Prospect St., Stamford, Conn. 8:45.)

STOCKBRIDGE—Francesca Bruning and Tonio Selwart in "Autumn Crocus": through Sat., July 20. Effie Shannon in "Morning's at Seven": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

SUFFERN—Jean Muir and Ruth Weston in "The Swan": through Sat., July 20. "Salute to Tomorrow": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (County Theatre, Suffern, N.Y. 8:45.)

WESTBORO—Frankie Thomas, Jr., in "The Youngest": through Sat., July 20. (Town Hall Playhouse, Westboro, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

WESTPORT—Betty Field and Mildred Natwick in "Green Grow the Lilacs": through Sat., July 20. Claudia Morgan in "The Bat": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Sat.)

WHITE PLAINS—Miriam Hopkins in "The Guardsman": through Sat., July 20. Ethel Barrymore in "The School for Scandal": Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Ridgeway Theatre, White Plains, N.Y. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Sat.)

WOODSTOCK—"See My Lawyer": Thurs. through Sun., July 18-21. "No Time for Comedy": Thurs. through Sun., July 25-28. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. 8:45.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you'll find music or other entertainment. Those in the city may close for one or more nights over the weekend.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry's orchestra plays for dancing in this green and pleasant place.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—On the Roof there's entertainment and music by Alvino Rey and his orchestra.

COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—A small, attractive spot, with Nicki Raymond's orchestra supplying the music.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeably unhurried retreat, with Val Ernie's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

MONTPARNASSE, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—A handy oasis for upper East Siders, and nice enough for anyone else willing to travel a bit off the beaten path. A quintet plays for dancing.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Carol Bruce and Bob Knight's orchestra are in the Café at the supper hour. Felix Ferry is in charge of things.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—George Lloyd and the present show will be replaced by a new one on Wed., July 24. Ray Heatherton's orchestra will stay on. . . . Marlynn and Michael are in their third year in the Rainbow Grill, where Barry Winton's orchestra plays.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Hal Saunders' orchestra and a small show are on the Viennese Roof. Must dress if you want to dance.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde is practically a fixture in the Café Lounge, where Emile Petti's orchestra provides the music.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The same faces at their accustomed places. Ernie Holst's orchestra and a rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Panchito's rumba band keeps right on playing rumbas. Nicholas D'Amico's orchestra is there, too.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra plays for dancing under the blue electric stars of the Starlight Roof. At the supper hour, Mischa Borr's orchestra alternates with Cugat's, and, beginning Mon., July 22, Larry Adler will be there with his harmonica.

MISCELLANEOUS—At ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Frank Mandella's orchestra, not much floor space, and nice and cozy all around. . . . PENTHOUSE CLUB, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty hideaway for dinner and supper, with soft music to listen to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below. No dancing. . . . WARWICK, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a secluded nook, with a mite of a dance floor. . . . ASTOR ROOF, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Larry Clinton's orchestra and an ice show. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Al Kavelin's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . PENNSYLVANIA ROOF, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . PARK CENTRAL, 7 Ave. at 56 (CI 7-8000): Sally Rand and Buddy Clarke's orchestra. . . . BOSSERT MARINE ROOF, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): the view of the harbor is alone worth the trip; Eddie Lane's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . KIT KAT CLUB, 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543): Connie McLean's orchestra and other Negro folk entertaining late stayer-uppers. . . .

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JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): another lively late spot for the sturdy.

•

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge. . . . BEACHCOMBER, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): a not too languorous South Sea setting, with, except Mon., Sonny Kendis's orchestra. . . . HURRICANE, B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): another tropical affair, with Eddie Bush's orchestra. . . . LA CONGA, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a downstairs place, with South American entertainment. . . . 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't any too delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind.

AL-FRESCO DINING—With dancing: CLAREMONT INN, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600); and TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Pk. W. at 67 (BU 8-3954). . . . Without dancing: CHATHAM WALK, Vanderbilt at 48 (VO 5-5400); PAVILLON MARGUERY, 270 Park, at 47 (WI 2-9000); the Japanese Garden of the RITZ-CARLTON, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600); and the PROMENADE CAFÉ, in the Sunken Plaza, Rockefeller Center (CI 6-5800).

PURE SWING—At the HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for customers who'd rather listen than dance. Adele Girard is there, too. . . . CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Teddy Wilson's band, Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson and Ammons. Closed Mon. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): among the boys in the coöperative band here are Joe Sullivan, Eddie Condon, and Pee Wee Russell. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar place, with, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio and, except Mon., some Calypso singers.

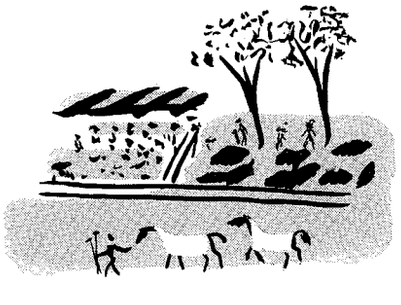
FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: CASTLEHOLM, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and QUEEN MARY, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Latin: EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

OUT OF TOWN

DANCING AT NEARBY PLACES—Ben Riley's ARROWHEAD INN, Henry Hudson P'kway, at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000): Irving Conn's orchestra. . . . Ben Marden's RIVIERA, at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): Leo Reisman's orchestra, Pancho's rumba band, and a show which includes George Givot and Terry Lawlor. . . . WESTCHESTER BATH CLUB, 10 Lawn Terrace, Mamaroneck (Mamaroneck 543): Chiquito's rumba band and Jack Towne's orchestra. . . . GLEN ISLAND CASINO, off Shore Rd., New Rochelle (Hamilton 4480): Bobby Byrne's orchestra. . . . BOARDWALK CAFÉ, Jones Beach, L.I. (Wantagh 1600): Ozzie Nelson's orchestra; a fill-in band Mon. . . . CHANTICLER, Millburn and Short Hills Aves., Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): George Sterney's orchestra. . . . MEADOWBROOK, on Route 23, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): Cab Calloway's orchestra. Closed Mon.

FURTHER OUT OF TOWN—At CANOE PLACE INN, Montauk Highway, Hampton Bays, L.I. (Hampton Bays 150): Lou Lang's orchestra. . . . NEW PROSPECT HOTEL, Shelter Island Heights, L.I. (Shelter Island 65): Charley Wood's orchestra. . . . SEVEN PONDS INN, Montauk Highway, Water Mill, L.I. (Water Mill 500): a small orchestra plays for dancing. . . . GUIDO'S SAPPHIRE ROOM, Monmouth County C.C., Eatontown, N.J. (Eatontown 95): Maximillian Bergère's orchestra. . . . The Spanish Grill of the MONMOUTH HOTEL, Spring Lake Beach, N.J. (Spring Lake 330): Walter Feldkamp's orchestra. . . . PERONA FARM, Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600): Ray Rizzony's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . ROSS FENTON FARM, Deal Lake, North Asbury Park, N.J. (Asbury Park 2074): Eddie Oliver's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . SEA BRIGHT YACHT CLUB, on Route 36, Sea Bright, N.J. (Sea Bright 82): Ray Morton's orchestra.

NOTE—Wanderers in search of shore dinners out Coney Island way might try LUNDY'S, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay (DE 6-9090); FELTMAN'S, Surf Ave., Coney Island (CO 6-0046); or VILLEPIGUE'S INN, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay (SH 3-8000).



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DINNER IN THE COUNTRY—Places to dine (mostly without dancing) while motoring—BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91). . . . LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.: Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790). . . . SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill Restaurant, on Jericho Turnpike (Huntington 1371). . . . AMAWALK, N.Y.: Benedusi's, on Route 202 (Yorktown 984). . . . COLD SPRING, N.Y.: Harbor Hill Inn, on Lane Gate Rd., off Route 301 (Cold Spring 975). . . . NEW CITY, N.Y.: French Farms (New City 981). . . . MT. KISCO, N.Y.: Lawrence Farms Inn, on Route 117 (Mt. Kisco 5324). . . . DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.: Old Drovers Inn, on Route 22 (Dover Plains 2781). . . . POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.: Rainbow Tea House (Bedford Village 616). . . . SLOATSBURG, N.Y.: Vailati's, on Route 17, near Tuxedo (Sloatsburg 245). . . . HAWTHORNE, N.Y.: Valley View Farm, on Old Saw Mill River Rd., near P'kway (Pleasantville 120). . . . WESTPORT, CONN.: Cobb's Mill Inn, on Route 57 (Westport 4330); dancing Wed., Fri., and Sat. Eves. . . . BRIDGEWATER, CONN.: Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830). . . . RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Outpost Inn, on Route 33 (Ridgefield 882); dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves. . . . NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern, Perry and Silvermine Aves. (Norwalk 88). . . . REDDING RIDGE, CONN.: Spinning Wheel (Redding 67). . . . SOUTHPORT, CONN.: Tide Mill Tavern, off Post Rd. (Fairfield 9-2900). . . . DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn, on Route 7 (Danbury 4548). . . . ALPINE, N.J.: Le Petit Pavillon Royal, on Route 9W (Closter 788). . . . BERNARDSVILLE, N.J.: Old Mill Inn, on Route 32 (Bernardsville 70). . . . DOYLESTOWN, PA.: Water Wheel Tavern, Old Route 611 (Doylestown 7941).

ART

EUROPEANS AND AMERICANS—At the LILIENFELD, 21 E. 57: a varied show of modern painters, with the Americans—Hartley, Nordfeldt, Maurer, to name a few—coming out on top. Mon. through Thurs., 2 to 4 P.M.; Fri., 10:30 A.M. to 12:30 P.M.; through Sept. 28. . . . HARRIMAN, 63 E. 57: oils and black-and-whites by Walt Kuhn, along with some excellent pieces by Gris, Braque, Matisse, and others, from the gallery's modern French collection. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 14.

FRENCH GROUPS—At the PERLS, 32 E. 58: an attractively contrasted group of works by modern and modern-primitive artists of the Paris school. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . CARSTAIRS, 11 E. 57: Derain, Dufy, Utrillo, and other moderns. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through July 26. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57: three little-known contemporaries—Ortiz, Mège, and Boberman—in a sharply differentiated show of oils. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

GROUPS—At the REHN, 683 5 Ave., at 54: Brook, Mattson, Marsh, and—for old times' sake—a never-before-shown George Bellows. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 26. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS', 711 5 Ave., at 55: Benton, Bohrod, Soyer, and many others in a summer round-up. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 13. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58: water colors by members of this gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 26. . . . MILCH, 108 W. 57: paintings by contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57: a thoroughgoing collection of works by painters from the eighteenth century to the present, including Copley, Stuart, and Sargent. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . MACBETH, 11 E. 57: group show of works by Corbino, Brockman, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . WALKER, 108 E. 57: Curry, Ruellan, and Grosz, in a contemporary American showing. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Mexican art from away back right up to the present in a big, varied, but surprisingly coherent show that fills the Museum and overflows into the garden behind it. Orozco has completed his fresco for the Museum and it is now on view. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

VAN GOGH—Fourteen paintings from the Netherlands government collection, most of them shown here for the first time (daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.); also, an exhibition of Dutch East Indies folk art (daily 2 to 4 P.M.): Holland House, 10 Rockefeller Plaza; through July 19.

HERE AND THERE—At the A.C.A., 52 W. 8: exhibition of Soviet graphic art. Thurs., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . F.A.R., 19 E. 61: colored lithographs by Daumier. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 2. . . . MAYER, 41 E. 57: British and American water colors and prints. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . MONTROSS, 785 5 Ave., at 60: oils and water colors by twenty-five contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

OUT OF TOWN—Some galleries and museums worth visiting while off on vacation trips: HARTFORD, CONN., Wadsworth Athenaeum. Weekdays, except

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Mon., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M. . . . NEW HAVEN, CONN., Yale University Gallery of Fine Arts. Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M. . . . BRUNSWICK, ME., Bowdoin College Museum of Fine Arts. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 12 noon, and 2 to 4 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 4 P.M. . . . ANDOVER, MASS., Addison Gallery of American Art. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2:30 to 5 P.M. . . . CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Fogg Museum. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 4 P.M. . . . NORTHAMPTON, MASS., Smith College Museum of Art. Daily 2:30 to 4:30 P.M. . . . PITTSFIELD, MASS., Berkshire Museum. Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M. . . . WORCESTER, MASS., Worcester Art Museum. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M. . . . COOPERSTOWN, N.Y., New York State Historical Association. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. . . . PEACE DALE, R.I., Neighborhood Guild, benefit exhibition for war relief. Daily 2:30 to 5:30 P.M. . . . PROVIDENCE, R.I., Museum of the Rhode Island School of Design. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.

For fine examples of Early American craftsmanship and folk art: NEW BEDFORD, MASS., Old Dartmouth Historical Society and Whaling Museum. Weekdays, except Mon., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M. . . . SALEM, MASS., Essex Institute. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. . . . DOYLESTOWN, PA., Bucks County Historical Society Museum. Weekdays 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Most of the art colonies round about have shows of one sort or another through the summer. Some that are perhaps particularly worth noting: GUILFORD, CONN., Guilford Art Institute. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M. . . . MYSTIC, CONN., Mystic Art Association. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5:30 P.M. . . . NORWALK, CONN., Silvermine Guild. Daily 1 to 6 P.M. . . . OLD LYME, CONN., Lyme Art Association. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M. . . . OGUNQUIT, ME., Ogunquit Art Center, eighteenth annual show. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. . . . GLOUCESTER, MASS., Gloucester Society of Artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M. . . . PROVINCETOWN, MASS., Provincetown Art Association. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5:30 P.M.; through July 27. . . . ROCKPORT, MASS., Rockport Art Association, twentieth annual show. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M. . . . WOODSTOCK, N.Y., Woodstock Artists Association, twenty-first annual show. Mon. through Fri., 1:30 to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony—Weissmann conducting, Thurs. and Fri., July 18-19; Kurtz conducting, Sat. through Wed., July 20-24; Steinberg conducting, Sat., July 27. Soloists: Dorfman, July 18; Anderson, July 20; Casadesus, July 22; Serkin, July 27. . . . Stokowski conducting his new All-American Youth Orchestra, Thurs. and Fri., July 25-26. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30. Downtown ticket office: Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534.)

GOLDMAN BAND—At Central Park Mall, Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves., at 8:30; Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., at 8:30.

OUT OF TOWN—Gordon String Quartet: The Hall, Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., Sun. Afts. at 4. . . . South Mountain String Quartet: Temple of Music, South Mountain, Pittsfield, Mass., Sun. Afts. at 4. . . . Curtis String Quartet: Captain Eell's Boat Barn, Rockport, Mass., Sun. Eves. at 8:30. . . . The Colony Opera Guild presenting "The Pirates of Penzance": Barn Theatre, on the estate of Mrs. Charles S. Peabody, Bolton Rd., Bolton Landing, N.Y., Fri. Eve., July 19, at 8:45.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thurs. and Fri. Afts., July 18-19, at 3:15. Yankees vs. Detroit, Sat. Aft., July 20, at 3; Sun. Aft., July 21 (doubleheader), at 2. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Tues. Eve., July 23, at 8:45; Thurs. Aft., July 25, at 3:15. Giants vs. Chicago, Fri. Aft., July 26, at 3:15; Sat. Aft., July 27, at 3. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Tues. Aft., July 23 (doubleheader), at 1:30; Wed. Eve., July 24, at 8:45. Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Fri. Aft., July 26, at 3; Sat. Aft., July 27, at 2:30.

GOLF—Long Island Open, Inwood C.C., Inwood, through Thurs., July 18. . . . Women's Four Ball Tournament, North Hempstead C.C., Port Washington, through Fri., July 19. . . . New Jersey Junior Championship, Canoe Brook C.C., Summit, through Fri., July 19. . . . Invitation Member-Guest Four Ball Tournament, Apawamis Club, Rye, Sat. and Sun., July 20-21. . . . Invitation Member-Guest Four Ball Tournament, Leewood G.C., Crestwood, N.Y., Sun., July 21. . . . Fairfield and Westchester Counties Women's Open Championship, Woodway C.C., Stamford, Conn., Mon. through Wed., July 22-24. . . . Invitation Member-Guest Tournament, Inwood C.C., Inwood, L.I., Fri. through Sun., July 26-28.

HORSE SHOWS—Monmouth County, Rumson, N.J., Thurs. and Fri., July 18-19, at 1:30 and 8:30 P.M., and Sat., July 20, at 9:30 A.M. and 1:30 P.M. . . . Jersey Shore, Spring Lake, N.J., Fri. and Sat., July 26-27, at 2 and 8 P.M., and Sun., July 28, at 2 P.M. . . . Lakeville, Conn., Sat., July 27, at 9 A.M., and Sun., July 28, at 12:30 P.M.

POLO—National Twenty-Goal Championship, at 3:30 P.M.: Schiff Field, Roslyn, L.I., Sat., July 20, and Wed., July 24 (tentative); and Bostwick Field, Jericho Turnpike (Route 25), Westbury, Sun., July 21, Thurs., July 25 (tentative), and Sun., July 28. . . . Championship games at the Meadow Brook Club, Westbury; Sat. and Sun. Afts. at 3:30, and Tues. and Thurs. Afts. at 5:30.

RACING—Weekdays at Empire City, at 2:15 P.M.; through Sat., July 27. The Yonkers Handicap, July 27. (Special trains leave Grand Central weekdays at 1:05 and 1:30 P.M.)

TENNIS—Invitation Tournament, Lake Placid Club, Lake Placid, daily through Sat., July 20. . . . Eastern Clay Court Championships, Jackson Heights T.C., Jackson Heights, daily through Sun., July 21. . . . Invitation Tournament, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, Sat. and Sun., July 20-21. . . . Invitation Tournament, Sea Bright Lawn Tennis and Cricket Club, Sea Bright, N.J., Mon. through Sun., July 22-28.

TROTTING—Grand Circuit, Historic Track, Goshen, N.Y., daily through Fri., July 19, at 2 P.M.

YACHTING—Championship races on the Sound, at 1:45 P.M.: Larchmont Y.C., Sat., July 20 (end of Race Week); Stamford Y.C., Sat., July 27.

GRENVILLE CLARK,

of the legal firm of Root, Clark, Buckner & Ballantine, who is chairman of the Emergency Committee of the Military Training Camps Association of the United States and is meeting the emergency by doing everything he can to convince legislators that the United States needs selective compulsory military training. He was one of the originators of the "Plattsburg idea" and was in the Adjutant General's office during the last war. His only known weakness is attending class reunions.

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OTHER EVENTS

GREENWICH VILLAGE FAIR—This year's event, sponsored by several relief organizations, is for the benefit of refugee children: Washington Square S., at Thompson St.; daily through Sat., July 20, from 4 P.M. to midnight.

ON THE AIR

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION—This may still be going on, and if so, you'd better consult your daily newspaper for broadcasts on WABC, WEAF, WJZ, and WOR.

RACING—Yonkers Handicap, at Empire City: Sat. Aft., July 27, at 4:30, WABC. . . . Hollywood Gold Cup, at Inglewood, Calif.: Sat. Eve., July 27, at 9:15, WJZ, WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:45, and Wed. and Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF. . . . Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:05, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:45, WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

News broadcasts from abroad: weekdays at 6:45 and 10:30 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Sun. at 7 P.M., WJZ, and at 10:30 P.M., WABC.

TELEVISION—Tennis: Eastern Clay Court Championships, Thurs. and Fri Afts., July 18-19, at 2:30, W2XBS.

MOTION PICTURES

ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO—Bette Davis and Charles Boyer in Rachel Field's story of a famous murder case that once had Paris by the ears. A long yet effective and dramatic film. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., July 24.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE—A Rabelaisian and droll French picture of peasant life. With Raimu. (World, 153 W. 49.)

EDISON, THE MAN—A respectable biographical item for the nice younger element. With Spencer Tracy. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Thurs. through Mon., July 18-22. . . . State, B'way at 45; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Thurs. through Wed., July 18-24.)

THE GHOST BREAKERS—Paulette Goddard and Bob Hope in another of those thrillers, like "The Cat and the Canary," that have a lot of laughs, too. (Paramount, B'way at 43; through Tues., July 23.)

GONE WITH THE WIND—It has its moments. With Clark Gable, Olivia de Havilland, Vivien Leigh, and some thousand others. (Astor, B'way at 45. . . . Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH—The great and magnificent film John Ford devised from the Steinbeck novel. Obligatory for all. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Thurs., July 23-25.)

THE MAYOR'S DILEMMA—Another delightful French film of village life, this time of a village near Château-Thierry during the last war. (Alden, B'way at 67; Thurs. through Sat., July 18-20.)

MY FAVORITE WIFE—Irene Dunne and Cary Grant in a funny skit about marriage. Lively and light. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Rio, B'way at 160; Thurs., July 18. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. and Fri., July 18-19. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Beacon, B'way at 75; Thurs. through Mon., July 18-22.)

PRIMROSE PATH—Sterilized but sprightly. The play and book are at any rate clearly hinted at, and the informal people are ably done by Ginger Rogers, Marjorie Rambeau, and Joel McCrea. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., July 20-22.)

REBECCA—The du Maurier best-seller made duly picturesque on the screen, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, and Judith Anderson. The whole grim affair is beautifully directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; starting Fri., July 26.)

TORRID ZONE—A ribald little chronicle of life among the banana-pickers of South America, with Ann Sheridan, Cagney, and O'Brien. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs. through Sun., July 18-21. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., July 23-24. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Fri., July 24-26. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs. and Fri., July 25-26. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; starting Fri., July 26.)

REVIVALS

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—French film. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Sun., July 19-21. . . . 55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; starting Fri., July 19.)

THE CITADEL (1938)—Rosalind Russell and Robert Donat. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs., July 18.)

GRAND ILLUSION (1938)—Jean Gabin and Eric von Stroheim. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., July 22-24.)

THE GREAT WALTZ (1938)—Luise Rainer and Fernand Gravet. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Mon., July 19-22.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—With Dame May Whitty. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs. through Sat., July 25-27.)

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH (1935)—Edna Best, Peter Lorre, and Nova Pilbeam. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., July 18.)

MAYERLING (1937)—French, with Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; Thurs., July 18.)

OF HUMAN BONDAGE (1934)—Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs. through Sat., July 25-27.)

OUR DAILY BREAD (1934)—With Karen Morley. (Alden, B'way at 67; Thurs. through Sat., July 18-20.)

THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN (1938)—French, with Sacha Guitry. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., July 18-19.)

PYGMALION (1938)—Wendy Hiller and Leslie Howard. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., July 18.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—Merle Oberon and Leslie Howard. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., July 18.)

STOLEN LIFE (1939)—With Elisabeth Bergner. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., July 23-24.)

STORM IN A TEACUP (1938)—Vivien Leigh and Rex Harrison. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Mon., July 19-22.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Sun., July 19-21.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following Douglas Fairbanks films weekdays at 4 P.M., and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: "Around the World in Eighty Minutes," Thurs., July 18, and Sat., July 27. Excerpts from "The Lamb," "The Mollycoddle," "Say, Young Fellow," "Knickerbocker Buckaroo," "A Modern Musketeer," "Don Q," and "The Taming of the Shrew," Fri., July 19. "Manhattan Madness" and "Wild and Woolly," Sat., July 20. "When the Clouds Roll By" and "The Nut," Sun., July 21. "The Mark of Zorro," Mon., July 22. "The Three Musketeers," Tues., July 23. "Robin Hood," Wed., July 24. "The Thief of Bagdad," Thurs., July 25. "The Black Pirate," Fri., July 26.

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THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Gates open daily at 9 A.M. Admission: adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents. Most shows in the exhibit, transportation, and foreign-federal areas open at 10 A.M. and close at 10 P.M., but some restaurants and bars there stay open later if trade warrants. Amusement area perks up in the late afternoon and keeps going until 2 A.M. . . . Fountain and fireworks displays nightly on the Lagoon at 9:15, on Liberty Lake at 10. . . . The places you most want to see are almost sure to be crowded, at least in good weather.

TRANSPORTATION

By Rail—The **L.I.R.R.**: the fastest way to get there. Daily shuttle service to exhibit-area gate. Trains every 10 or 15 minutes, 9 A.M. to 9:45 P.M., from Tracks 15 and 16, Penn. Station (L.I. side). From the Fair, trains every 15 or 20 minutes; last train leaves at 2:58 A.M. A 10- or 15-minute run. . . . **Independent subway**: best for amusement area. Take Queens train marked "E" to Continental Ave. station, cross platform, board train marked "GG." A half-hour trip from midtown Manhattan. . . . **I.R.T.** and **B.-M.T.**: Flushing trains stop at exhibit-area gate.

By Auto—Cars not admitted to Fair. Parking lots, a short bus ride from gates, 25 cents a day. Triborough Bridge is pleasantest route from midtown Manhattan.

By Bus—Double-decker Fifth Avenue bus (No. 15) starts at 25th St., turns East on 57th St., and crosses the Queensboro Bridge, providing a slow but reasonably comfortable trip to the transportation-area gate.

At the Fair—Roller and motor chairs with guides may be hired. Buses and tractor-pulled trains of open coaches have regular routes about the grounds. Ferries operate across the lake to the Florida Building (I) from the docks near Heineken's (H) and American Jubilee (K).

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Be prepared for last-minute changes in programs and schedules.)

MORE OR LESS SERIOUS

Ford (G)—Rides on elevated highways, and a field where a flock of tractors drill and till. Once an hour the Ballet Caravan dances a jaunty interpretation of how the horse has been done in by the automobile.

Gardens on Parade (A)—Seasonal flowers in the gardens, and a special exhibit of carnivorous plants. Admission, 25 cents.

General Motors (F)—The lines waiting to get into the Futurama are frequently more incredible than the vistas of things to come shown inside. Opens at 9 A.M.

House of Jewels (C)—A fabulous assortment of diamonds and other precious stones awesomely displayed. Opens at 11 A.M., closes at 9 P.M.

Masterpieces of Art (C)—Not so brilliant as last year's show, but full of good paintings nevertheless, this now contains roughly 400 canvases, ranging from the sixteenth to the twentieth centuries. Admission, 50 cents weekdays, 25 cents Sun.

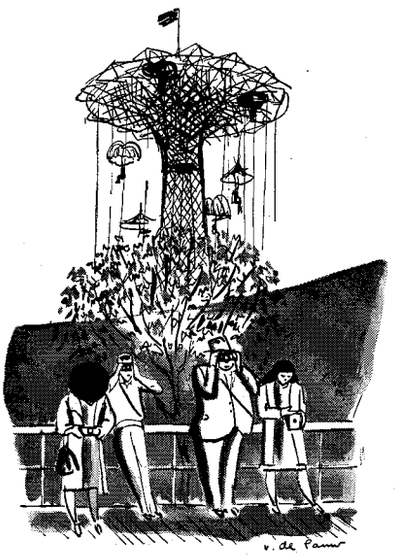
Railroads (F)—The big pageant of railroading called "Railroads on Parade," with genuine rolling stock and Kurt Weill music, is shown daily at 11:30 A.M. and 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. Admission, 25 and 55 cents. . . . "Railroads in Action," an elaborate model-train show, runs continuously from 10:15 A.M. to 8:15 P.M.

Telephones (C)—Sooner or later everyone joins the crowd eavesdropping on visitors calling up the folks back home. A machine named the Voder defies you to say a word it can't pronounce.

Trylon and Perisphere—Democracity, you remember. Admission, 25 cents.

World of Fashion (D)—Several of the leading stores and designers hereabouts joining in an impressive display of feminine fashions and accessories. A fashion show, with models wearing the latest gowns, is presented weekdays at 4:30 and 8 P.M.

Others of Interest—**At America at Home** (C): trick arrangements of model interiors, from which you may get some good ideas. . . . **American Art Today** (A): a big, lively exhibit of what the WPA is doing in the way of paintings, sculptures, prints, murals, and folk art. . . . **Aviation** (G): a new Army pursuit plane, camouflaged and capable of 400 miles an hour, among a number of other aircraft. . . . **Borden's** (D): cows, apparently very happy in a luxurious setting. . . . **Chrysler** (F): an impudent talking Plymouth and a hint of what a rocket port might look like if we ever take to travelling by rocket. . . . **Consolidated Edison** (D): a diorama of New York, with lights flashing and subways scurrying about. . . . **du Pont** (D): a sober account of how chemistry produces nylon and performs other acts of alchemy. . . . **Electric Utilities** (E): a New York street in the gaslit nineties. . . . **Electrified Farm** (A): turn a switch and the crops come up. . . . **Firestone** (G): tires manufactured while you wait, and a small, amusing zoo in a jungle setting. . . . **General Electric** (E): artificial lightning, real enough to scare the wits out of you, and some diverting acts of electrical prestidigitation. . . . **Glass Center** (D): how glass-blowers work. . . . **Goodrich** (F): male and female daredevil drivers risking their necks; shows Mon. through Fri. at 11 A.M., noon, and 2, 4, 6, and 7 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. every hour from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **Hall of Inventions** (D): actual models, brain waves of the nineteenth century mostly, from the Patent Office's collection. . . . **Kodak** (D): colored photographs impressively flashed on several big screens at once, and, outdoors, trick backgrounds for camera zealots to try out. . . . **Petroleum** (D): a full-sized oil derrick boring hundreds of feet under Flushing—so far, at least, without striking oil. . . . **R.C.A.** (C): up-to-the-minute television. . . . **Stamp Exhibit**, in the British Building (A): an unusual exhibition, including the Mauritius error, commemorating the centennial of the stick-on stamp. . . . **Westinghouse** (E): an outsize robot man and his robot dog. . . . **Zoological Wonders** (H): Pandora, the panda; Electra, the eel; and a flock of penguins.



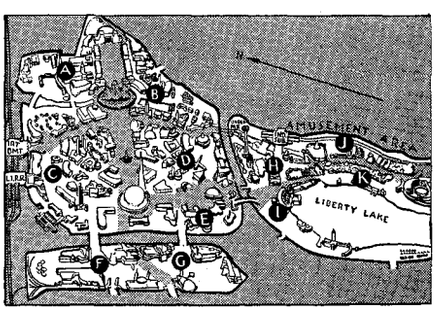
A SELECTIVE GUIDE FOR THE INDULGENT FAIRGOER

A CODE LETTER, CORRESPONDING TO ONE ON THE MAP BELOW, INDICATES THE SECTION OF THE FAIR IN WHICH EACH PLACE MENTIONED IS TO BE FOUND. THIS LISTING COVERS THE PERIOD FROM THURSDAY, JULY 18, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, JULY 24.

●

Foreign Buildings—All are in the foreign-federal area (A and B) unless otherwise noted. There are fewer of them this year, but among the attractive ones still open are those of France, Great Britain, Italy, Poland, Finland, and Brazil. The pavilions of Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, and Sweden (D) are run by sympathetic private groups. As before, many of the buildings have restful gardens and pleasant bars.

State Exhibits—Most of these are cluttered up with statistics, but Florida's (I) has an inviting beach on the lake front and an inviting interior, too. New York's (I) offers some rare historical documents, and the New England group (B) shows a full-rigged ship, which children like to clamber over.



THAT GREAT WHITE WAY

American Jubilee (K)—The Fair's own rather ponderous historical pageant, staged by Leon Leonidoff, with Lucy Monroe, Ray Middleton, and Paul Haakon heading a cast of 350. Songs by Oscar Hammerstein II and Arthur Schwartz. Daily at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Aquacade (I)—A fresh version of the Billy Rose water spectacle that did so well last year. Eleanor Holm is back, and among the other performers are Buster Crabbe, Everett Marshall, and Vincent Lopez's orchestra. Daily at 3, 5, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Gay New Orleans (H)—Michael Todd's newcomer, and almost a Fair in itself. Restaurants and bars, and a steady round of Negro and white revues beautifully staged out of doors by Hassard Short. A midnight Mardi Gras show tops things off.

The Streets of Paris (H)—Another of Michael Todd's. A shortened production, in the Fair's big Music Hall, of last year's Broadway revue. Gypsy Rose Lee undresses with considerable aplomb. Mon. through Fri. at 5, 8:45, and 10:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:30 P.M.

Zombie (J)—A tropical-island setting, something like the Beachcomber on Broadway. There's a rumba band in the garden every night except Tues., and on Sat. and Sun. Eves. John Kirby's orchestra plays at the bar.

Some Other Places—At **Barbary Coast** (J): the customers, ranged along a huge bar, are prodded into noisy singing by Kay Parsons and other musical folk. . . . **Dancing Campus** (I): an outdoor dance floor big enough for the young to cut their wildest capers; dancing from about 6 P.M. on. . . . **Jungleland** (J): Frank Buck has added new animals and acts to his circus and more monkeys to the swarm on his mountain. . . . **Midget Town** (H): Morris Gest's troupe of small folk in a miniature village. . . . **Odditorium** (K): Ripley's "Believe It or Not" collection of strange people. . . . **Parachute Jump** (H): the 20-story drop is just as exciting as ever. . . . **Wall of Death** (K): hair-raising stunts by motorcyclists on the vertical walls of a motordrome. . . . **Winter Wonderland** (J): a show on skates and skis in last summer's Sun Valley; frequent performances during the late afternoon and evening.

RESTAURANTS

(This is a list of some eating places at the Fair which, for one reason or another—frequently the setting—seem to call for special notice, but there are many others equally satisfactory. The service at any of them may be sketchy during hours when they're crowded.)

Ballantine's (H): simple, adequate food and a new outdoor bar—a handy oasis in the amusement area. . . . **Belgian Building** (B): an awninged terrace, with one of the best views of the fireworks on the Lagoon. . . . **Brazilian Building** (A): a gay, lighthearted place, with dancing at dinner. . . . **French Building** (A): happily, this well-loved restaurant is staying open. . . . **Gardens on Parade** (A): a shady terrace, good, plain staples, and an admission charge, which helps thin out the crowds. . . . **Heineken's** (H): sustaining Dutch food and a view of the fireworks from a veranda. . . . **Hungarian Pavilion** (A): goulash at a standup bar and other native dishes in a smallish restaurant. . . . **Iraq Pavilion** (A): what's good in Arabia is good here. . . . **McGinnis** (C): a big, bright place for sea food and charcoal-broiled steaks. . . . **Norwegian Building** (B): superior *smörgåsbord* in a new dining room. . . . **Pabst** (K): beer-garden fare in an attractive lakeside setting. . . . **Polish Building** (A): still the same fine Polish cooking, even if the larder is now almost entirely domestic; dancing from 6 P.M. on. . . . **Ponce de Leon Patio** (I): real Spanish dishes served against the Florida Building's tropical background. . . . **Ruby Foo's Lama Temple** (J): the setting alone is enough to convert you to Chinese food. . . . **Rumania** (B): the restaurant and garden are delightful and the food is good enough. . . . **Swedish Building** (D): snacks in a large courtyard; more elaborate meals inside. . . . **Swiss Building** (A): pleasantly informal, whether you eat upstairs in the restaurant or down in the garden under the maples. . . . **Washington Hall** (K): one of the amusement area's few places for leisurely meals that show the French influence; you're served on a screened veranda overlooking the lake.

The following are also recommended: British Buttery (A), Childs (F), Czecho-Slovakian Pavilion (B), Finnish Pavilion (A), Gay New Orleans (H), Schaefer Center (D), Turf-Trylon Restaurant (C), Winter Wonderland (J), and World of Fashion (D).

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Please fill in your own picture of the next President of the United States

the next President of the United States

The picture which belongs above is one of a strong face—radiating intelligence, fearlessness, tolerance, humor, straightforwardness. Tousled hair tops that keen countenance.

A few weeks ago he had no thought of being the next President of the United States. No politician himself, he assumed that probably none but a politician could be nominated . . . then that Philadelphia miracle!

You have guessed his name—Wendell Willkie!

•

The future of America depends on you, Mr. Willkie. You will not let us down. You will keep any promises you make, because you have always done so.

You have the executive experience, fighting qualities, brains, energy, integrity, level head, spiritual qualities, and sincerity to be a truly great President. You will not be a money-waster because you have never been such. If you promise a balanced budget, you will keep your word.

You have earned your way since boyhood. You are a successful business leader—that's what this country needs.

Thank God, you have no political debts to pay.

The writer, long a Democrat, is going to vote for you, just as millions of other Democrats will. They are not merely disgusted with the Third Term vacillation and confused thinking, but they genuinely want *you.* They want a return of business confidence, and prosperity. They know that men should have jobs instead of charity.

Labor wants you because of your fairness, your broad-mindedness, your vision.

Our farmers want you, because you, an Indiana farmer, know the problems of agriculture. You and Mr. McNary will give us an agricultural plan that will work.

Precedents were shattered by your nomination. Your election will establish a new national unity—the will of the people.

The best elements of America are solidly behind you. Go to it, Mr. Willkie.

HOW YOU CAN HELP ELECT HIM

"Not a Political Campaign, but a Crusade."

The financial responsibility and initiative for this page are those of a private citizen, who employs this fast, economical means of spreading good news and ideas. Would *you* like to help?

These messages to appear in this and other national magazines, farm journals, etc., in exact proportion to the money volunteered by private citizens—by patriots who back with dollars their enthusiasm for Willkie.

Every $2 you send in delivers this Willkie Gospel to 1,000 readers across the nation—a low-priced way to tell people about Willkie—cheaper than postage on 1,000 letters ($20 to $30) or 1,000 postal cards ($10).

Send your money at the rate of $2 for every 1,000 magazine readers you wish to pay for.

Fighting dollars can quickly tell the glorious story to America. Willkie started late, but good publicity and lots of it—*fast*—can make up for that late start.

If you wish to do your part with dollars, if you consider it a privilege to thus help spread the Willkie Gospel, send at once your contributions and your suggestions as to the points you would like to see stressed in this constructive, truth-telling campaign for Willkie, our next President.

ADDRESS: J. O. Y. WILLKIE MAGAZINE FUND
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
610 5th AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY

MAIL THIS COUPON

Enclosed is ☐ Check ☐ Currency

Amount.....

Name (print plainly).....

.....

Address.....

.....

.....

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Tops in Non-Stops

TWA STRATOLINERS . . . NEW YORK - CHICAGO

FASTER . . . now you can travel from Chicago to New York in only three hours thirty-three minutes. **SMOOTHER** . . . you travel more smoothly because the Stratoliner flys the calm upper air levels. **FAR MORE LUXURIOUS** . . . you enjoy cabins supercharged for your comfort; spacious accommodations for thirty-three passengers; alert, courteous service by a crew of five . . . all trained to the precision standards of The Transcontinental Airline.

In New York — Murray Hill 6-1640
In Chicago — Andover 2000

FASTEST NON-STOP FLIGHTS

CHICAGO — 4 Hours 10 Minutes		NEW YORK — 3 Hours 33 Minutes	
Leave New York		*Leave Chicago*	
12:05 p. m.†	5:05 p. m.*	12:05 p. m.†	5:05 p. m ††
8:30 p. m.	1:00 a. m.†	12:30 a. m.*x	6:07 a. m.

†Effective July 20 *Effective August 1 xStops at Pittsburgh

FASTEST TRANSCONTINENTAL
Los Angeles to New York — 13 hours 40 minutes

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

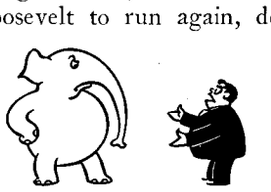
WE can't say "Enjoy yourselves" to the English children, so far from home; we can only say that they are very welcome here. Looking at their pictures in the paper, we realized more strongly than we ever had before what it means to live in a democratic nation, still at peace. It is pleasant to be able to think of the United States as the final stronghold of representative government, but in a way we'd rather think of it as a place where the children are safe, not only from bombs and starvation but also from all the blessings of the Aryan ideal.

THE one remotely gay note we have detected in connection with the refugee children is the formation of a group of Tuxedo Park residents to take care of fifty of them. They will be quartered in the former Charles E. Mitchell house at Tuxedo, recently bought by Mr. Hans Christian Sonne, a governor of the Tuxedo Club, at auction. It is nice to think of these children exchanging the terrors of a bombed island for the refined and restricted surroundings of Tuxedo, where they will be subjected to no greater hazard than the scrutiny of Pells, Mortimers, Lorillards, Wagstaffs, and de Rhams. If the war lasts long enough, the girls even stand a chance of growing up to attend the Autumn Ball and the boys to incur fifty-dollar fines for swimming in the

Tuxedo reservoir. The whole episode reminds us of a somewhat irrelevant pre-depression anecdote involving Mr. Mitchell. As the chief angel of the Tuxedo Club's present clubhouse, erected around 1929, he had won the gratitude of the community, whose members are so urbane they are not above taking a small nip at the hand that feeds them. Shortly after the building was completed, he was summoned to the telephone one night at twelve-thirty by a call from Mr. George B. St. George, an officer of the club. Mr. St. George told Mr. Mitchell that the club was so grateful to him for everything he'd done that it planned to erect a statue of him, between the clubhouse and the adjacent lake. Mr. Mitchell protested mildly. "It will depict you with your right arm upraised," continued Mr. St. George, "and your right foot on the necks of the minority stockholders of the National City Bank." This was related to us by an old Tuxedo resident, and we think the English children ought to hear it, so they'll know what kind of place they're getting into.

WE are inclined to be disappointed in the dialectics of Mr. August Henkel, the WPA painter whose murals at the Administration Building of Floyd Bennett Airport were taken down and destroyed on the ground that they were Communist propaganda. Mr. Henkel, who has run for modest offices on the Communist ticket, explained that a figure resembling Stalin in one of his murals was actually a likeness of Franz Reichelt, an Austrian pioneer parachute jumper who happened to have bristling mustaches and a dictatorial air. He stated furthermore that the mural showing President Roosevelt making a radio address in what one newspaper hazily described as "a warlike setting" was not subversive propaganda, as charged, but symbolized the President as a champion of democracy. We didn't get to see the murals before their removal, but all this sounds mildly plausible, and certainly a lot better than anything Diego Rivera was able to think up when the Rockefeller Center people caught him sneaking magnified slides of venereal-disease germs into the capitalist section of his Radio City mural a few years ago. Where Mr. Henkel fell down, in our opinion, was in his explanation of the red star that cropped up on a United States Navy hangar in one of his murals. Mr. Henkel simply observed that this had "slipped by." "Something slips by very easily. We don't try to slip in little bits of propaganda like that," he remarked. This sounds lame and suspicious, as though Mr. Henkel were interested in slipping in large pieces of propaganda. What he should have said, of course, was that he got the star off an R. H. Macy truck.

WITH Mr. Willkie resting comfortably in Colorado, last week must have been a confusing one for the Republican leaders he left in the East. For months many of these gentlemen have kept themselves busy assailing dictatorships, especially as represented by the spectres of a third term and John L. Lewis. Although the third term was still a mystery last week, except to Mr. Farley and perhaps the New York Yankees, the dictatorial front was curiously shattered. Mr. Lewis took off and bombed the third term, making a bumpy, polysyllabic landing in Herbert Hoover's lap. Thereupon the United Automobile Workers of America, a C.I.O. organization, took off and urged Mr. Roosevelt to run again, demon-



strating that Mr. Lewis's dictatorship is evidently of the *ersatz* variety. It must be practically impossible to keep your head when you get a dictator and then find he didn't bring his votes with him.

AS a footnote to a report on the Willkies we published a week ago; another Willkie neighbor, a lady living

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at 1010 Fifth Avenue, tells us she descended to the street the morning after Mr. Willkie was nominated and ran smack into a photographer from one of the tabloids. "You know Mr. Willkie?" he asked. Our informant said she did, slightly, and that in her opinion he was a fine man, given to removing his hat in the elevator and endowed with all the amenities. "Gee," said the photographer, "I sure would like to get a picture of you and your reactions!" Mr. Willkie's neighbor hesitated for a moment, and then declined. It would be agreeable to ascribe this course of action to a natural reserve, to a reluctance, rare in these bandwagon days, to share the spotlight on small excuse, but we have it from the lady's own candid lips that the reason she refused is that she was at the time casually dressed for marketing and was wearing what she considered an unbecoming hat. On such trifles hang the public-relations destinies of neighbors of the great, the contents of newspapers molding the thoughts of a nation.

Regulation

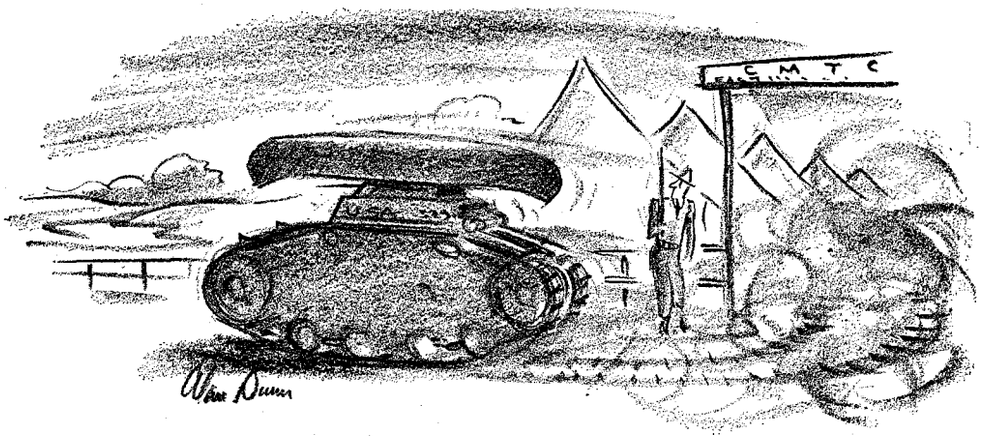
ON page 21 of the current catalogue of William Jennings Bryan University, Dayton, Tennessee, is this pretty bit of academic prose: "*Griping*: Students who insist on griping or complaining or who do not coöperate wholeheartedly with the administration in upholding the standards of the school will be expelled." For all we know, a student would be expelled if he griped about the administration's command of English.

Ex-Consul

WE ventured into the financial district the other day to call upon Dr. Paul Schwarz, who for a four-year period, ending seven years ago, was German Consul General in New York City. He was the first German diplomat to resign after Hitler became Chancellor in 1933; he got a cable indicating that a resignation would be in order. Dr. Schwarz was in a ticklish situation, being then, as now, opposed to National Socialism, and being opposed by it, too. He decided to be an American citizen. He had entered the country on a diplomatic passport, which became worthless when he resigned, so he went to Montreal and returned as an ordinary immigrant, the German quota for that year not being filled. He was made a citizen in 1939.

Dr. Schwarz, who is fifty-eight and looks like a caricaturist's conception of a symbolic German—close-cropped hair, grizzled mustache, wing collar, and substantial waistline—has been in the brokerage business ever since he gave up his consular duties. He's an investment counsellor with Halle & Stieglitz, at 25 Broad Street, who offered him a job despite the fact that he had never seen a stock-market ticker. Now one is always within sight of his desk. Before accepting the position, he turned down several other offers: to be front man for a German restaurant in town, for instance, and resident physician at a nursing home. In the latter case, he merely had to explain that his title was gained in the field of political economy. At the same time he received hundreds of letters and telegrams from people wishing him well, and so many gifts that he and his wife had to move temporarily out of their suite in a hotel. Many of the presents were foodstuffs, sent by kindhearted Americans who wanted to be sure that the ex-Consul would have enough to eat. Nobody, however, thought to send a T-bone steak, which is Dr. Schwarz's favorite item.

The Doctor, as his friends downtown call him, was born in Silesia. After attending several universities, including the University of Berlin, and doing some journalistic work, he went into the German foreign service, filling consular assignments in Turkey, Hungary, Italy, India, and the Balkans. He also had several positions in government offices in Berlin, one of his close associates having been General Kurt von Schleicher, who was killed during the blood purge of 1934. He once ran unsuccessfully for the Reichstag on an anti-Nazi ticket and delivered some unsympathetic remarks about Hitler and his cronies. From then on he knew fully that his career would progress inversely to Hitler's. Dr. Schwarz would be no more welcome in Germany today than Thomas Mann or Albert Einstein, with whom he occasionally dines now. He never met Hitler, but he saw Göring a couple of times and was not impressed. He is acquainted with Dr. Hans Borchers, the present Consul General in New York, and whenever they run into each other, they nod politely and talk for a minute or two about the weather.



Ethics

REPORTING, as we like to do every now and then, on the state of the unions, we have selected a story about something that happened in a Los Angeles broadcasting station during a rehearsal for a commercial program. The plug for the sponsor's product was to be delivered insidiously by one of the entertainers instead of by the announcer. According to the script, she was to say, "I had lunch the other day with Nelson Eddy, and he said to me . . ." This led gracefully to Eddy's endorsement of the product, whatever it was. It happened that a delegate of the radio actors' union was present, and inclined to make difficulties. "*Did* you have lunch with Nelson Eddy the other day, and *did* he say so-and-so?" he asked the actress. She said no, she was just reading what was in the script. "Well, if it isn't true, you can't say it," the delegate said. The masterminds of the advertising agency producing the program wasted no time in argument, nor did they even consider rewriting the plug, because that would have meant submitting it to the sponsor all over again, and time was short. Instead, they got in touch with Nelson Eddy's studio. A property man hastily assembled a table, chairs, linen, and silver. Mr. Eddy and the radio actress sat down and nibbled at sandwiches, and he gravely said exactly what the script quoted him as saying. The commercial plug, absolutely without deception, went on the air that night, and

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probably sold a lot of whatever they were trying to sell.

Picture-Cycle

OUR man Stanley got up early one recent Sunday morning to accompany a group of camera and bicycle enthusiasts on one of the New Haven's "picture-cycle" trains, and has submitted a memorandum on the subject. Such trips have been going on spasmodically for years. This one was from Grand Central to Farmington, Connecticut, and return, leaving at 8:25, D.S.T. Stanley says that the passengers seemed to consider being on a Sunday train that early a perfectly natural thing. They sat quietly, like commuters, and read the funnies. The conductor told Stanley there were 115½ people aboard, the fraction being a small boy. Also there were 150 bicycles, twenty of them privately owned. One of these carried a portable radio strapped to its handlebars. Most of the bikes had been brought down from Cambridge in a baggage car by a concessionaire the night before, and were to be rented out. A majority of the excursionists were women and they chiefly wore shorts or slacks, and snoods. The men mostly wore polo shirts. Stanley took a seat beside a man who had a *Times* in his lap and a Contax camera hanging from his neck. This man said he was from Brooklyn and had been on several such trips before. Stanley asked him what kind of pictures he took, and he said, "I believe in art for art's sake," and started to read a story about the Dodgers.

"If we could only find some farmer to take this barn off our hands."

• •

The train left the New Haven main line at Berlin, Connecticut, and proceeded north on tracks now used ordinarily only for freight. The Farmington station was reached shortly after eleven. It was found to be boarded up. Many curious natives were gathered there because this was the first passenger train to arrive in the town in sixteen years. The bicyclists hopped off and started making ready, the male ones putting rubber bands around the bottoms of their trouser legs. Stanley saw no old-fashioned metal pants fasteners at all. Camera fans wandered down the road. A course of 16.4 miles had been outlined for the cyclists by a New Haven passenger agent. He had made a trip over the route by car earlier in the morning, tacking up direction signs on trees and telephone poles. This passenger agent, to the astonishment of Stanley, turned out to be John Coolidge, son of the President, who has been quietly working for the New Haven for twelve years, ever since he got out of college. Mr. Coolidge, who, Stanley reports, has some of his father's taciturnity, offered to drive Stanley around the course and they left in a 1936 Ford, accompanied by another railroad man and a chap named Benny, the bicycle concessionaire. Coolidge had a sign on the back of his car reading "Cyclists Ahead! Please Drive Carefully and Sound Horn." They passed a couple of girls on cycles and one of them said, "Where are the boys?" "The boys will catch up," her companion said. "They always do."

Stanley spent most of the day cruising back and forth, helping Mr. Coolidge and Benny hand out rubber bands, matches, oil, and bicycle pumps. Some of the cyclists paired off and, Stanley was told, might get married eventually. Two picture-cycle romances have already had such a result. Shortly after six o'clock, Stanley and Mr. Coolidge went around the course and retrieved the signs that Coolidge had posted earlier, Stanley noting that Mr. Coolidge saved all the tacks, putting them in his left-hand coat pocket. The train left

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Farmington at seven and got to New York at 9:55, many of the excursionists sleeping all the way back.

Scoop

WE know of a young man who has just become engaged, and has consequently put off his vacation until the fall, so he can take a long honeymoon. When he told his superiors that he planned to leave the day before Thanksgiving, they just laughed bitterly and said he'd have to tell them what day of the month. That situation in Washington. So he sat down and wrote a forthright note to President Roosevelt, telling all: the plans for a Thanksgiving, the doubt about the date. Could the President tell him on what day Thanksgiving would be celebrated? A reply came promptly, from Stephen Early: "You are advised that the President proposes to designate November 21 as Thanksgiving Day." And here it is only July.

Money for Europe

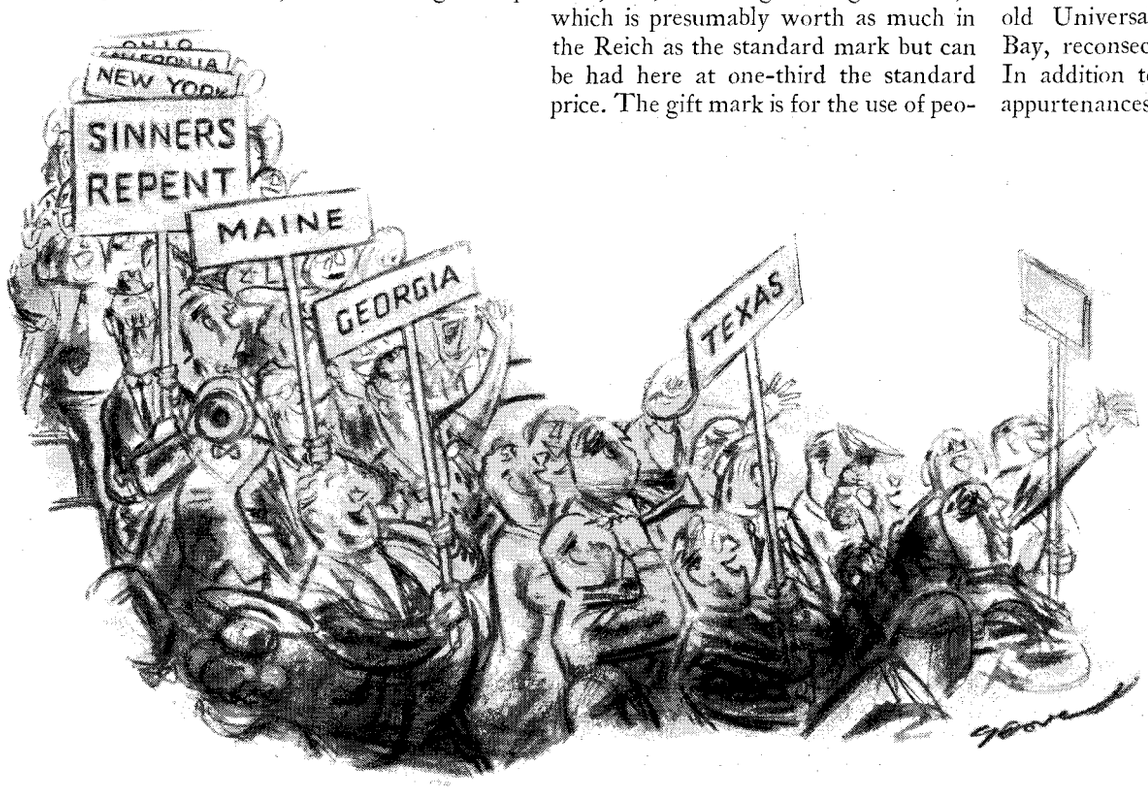
FOLLOWING our exploration of the European-mail situation, we looked into the matter of transmitting money abroad. We found that all conditions were apt to change at a moment's, or a dictator's, notice. At the time of our investigation, it was possible to send funds by wireless, by mail, by the hand of a friendly sea captain, or by cable. Last week, R.C.A. had given up its foreign-remittance department, but both Postal Telegraph and Western Union were carrying on. Neither company has been accepting remittances for France, and Postal alone has been serving Norway, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark. It has been taking about two weeks to get money to those countries. For one thing, a United States Treasury Department permit is required before money may be cabled to people in them and obtaining this has taken time. The usual procedure is for the sender to make arrangements with a local banking house specializing in foreign transactions. The banking house deals with the Treasury Department and telegraph company, the telegraph company in turn with its Berlin office, and Berlin with the country of the eventual recipient, who ordinarily is credited with standard marks and is supposed to sign a receipt that finally gets back to the original sender. Such unconquered parts of Europe as there were last week could be reached more easily. Cable credits got to England, Spain, and Portugal, for instance, within a day.

The practice with most countries was to pay off at the rate of exchange at the time a cablegram was sent, but Russia was paying off at the rate prevailing at the time of receipt and presented quite a gamble because it is the custom of the government there to decide arbitrarily from day to day how many rubles a dollar is worth. Germany has a monetary trick, too, involving the "gift mark," which is presumably worth as much in the Reich as the standard mark but can be had here at one-third the standard price. The gift mark is for the use of people receiving money for care or support. Despite the low price, Germany is said to be anxious to dispose of these marks, because in some mysterious, totalitarian way they help German banking activities here. Poland is a special problem, as it now has four governments and four currencies (Lithuania grabbed a chunk, too, you remember). Once you know whether to send rubles, gift marks, lits, or zlotys to what was Poland, you may do so in unlimited quantities, except to the German-controlled areas, where gentiles are restricted to 500 gift marks a week and Jews to half that.

As to mailing money abroad, we found that the post office had been routing letters to all of Europe through Portugal and Spain, by both plane and ship. Consequently it was possible to send money in an ordinary letter. Our Neutrality Act provides that an affidavit must be presented to the post office with all letters containing currency, attesting that the sender won't hold the United States responsible in case his remittance goes astray. This would seem to be a technicality, since the post office can only check up by opening mail, and it doesn't open any. In the case of air mail, the big danger is that it may land up with the British censors at Bermuda, who have no compunctions about opening anything.

Diehard

ABOUT six years ago the Catholic Archdiocese of Boston bought an old Universalist church in the Back Bay, reconsecrated it, and renamed it. In addition to the building, land, and appurtenances, the Archdiocese also took over one worshipper, a determined lady who maintains that, as she has paid life rent for one of the pews, the church is her place of worship, Catholics or no Catholics. She turns up regularly every Sunday at the ten-thirty Mass, triumphantly embodying the principle of freedom of religious thought.



Old Subscriber

A WHILE back the *Herald Tribune* discovered that there was a man in Newark who had been a *Tribune* reader for eighty-five years. Not

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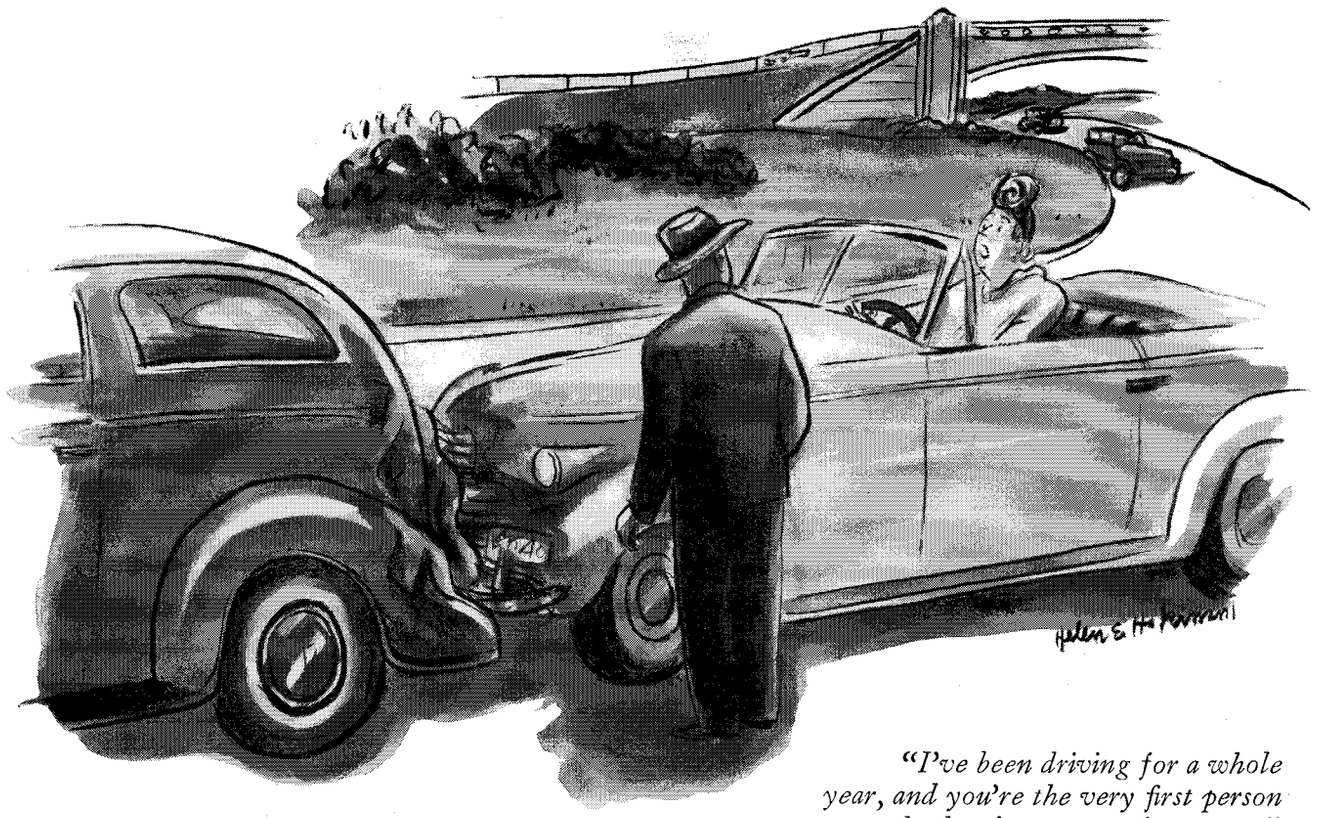

"I've been driving for a whole year, and you're the very first person who hasn't got out of my way."

• •

unnaturally, they wrote a feature story about him, which we read with interest. It seemed to us that certain factual outlines were blurred by the *Tribune's* pride in this man, Dr. William H. Vail, and we decided to drive over and see him last weekend. Dr. Vail lives in a neat brick house on Second Avenue, Newark. He's a blue-eyed, large-framed, vigorous old gentleman with a spry step and a clear mind. He'll be ninety-five in August, and told us that he would not be surprised if the secret of his longevity lay in the fact that for the past fifty years he has taken a teaspoonful of phosphate of soda every morning. In his diet, Dr. Vail emphasizes brown sugar, whole-wheat bread, and beans. He's a strict vegetarian, and abstains from alcohol, tobacco, and pasteurized milk. He's been ill only once in his life, with grippe. That was in 1849.

Dr. Vail was born in Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1845. He was the son of Dr. William Penn Vail, who was born in 1803 and lived to be eighty-six. The elder Vail was an admirer of Horace Greeley, so when Greeley, in 1841, founded the *Tribune*, old Dr. Vail subscribed. When young William was nine, he began to read the *Tribune*, which was chiefly concerned at that time with such issues as the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the growing sentiment against slavery. The family were living in Johnsonburg, New Jersey, and the *Tribune* didn't get to them until the day after publication. "And there were no Sunday editions in those days," Dr. Vail told us. "They didn't come in until after the War." Well, to make a long story short, the *Tribune* (or, since 1924, the *Herald Tribune*) has followed Dr. Vail with information and inspiration through a long and useful career. He attended Princeton during the four years of the Civil War, and took his M.D. at the College of Physicians and Surgeons; right now he's the oldest living graduate of both institutions, a title to which he obviously intends to hold firmly for quite some time to come. Between 1869 and 1886 he was in general practice in Cornwall, New York. Then his brother, who had been secretary to John I. Blair, a railroad magnate and the president of Blair Academy, died. Dr. Vail succeeded him in the post, assisting first Mr. Blair and later his son, until, in 1908, he built his present house and retired for good. Dr. Vail has been married twice; the first wife died in 1887, the second in 1936. He has a grandson, also Dr. William Vail, interning at St. Luke's.

Dr. Vail gets up at six in the morning and walks for an hour; if the weather is bad, he stays indoors but walks just the same, around and around, up and down stairs. Then the *Tribune* arrives, and he devotes half an hour to it, no more; reads the headlines, one or two likely-looking front-page stories, and the leading editorials. He has never looked at a sports page. On Sunday, as a protest against "the swollen, oversized Sunday editions," he cuts his reading time down to ten minutes. He has voted Republican all his life, and will do so again in November. His opinion of Roosevelt is what you'd expect. "Roosevelt is a Santa Claus," he told us, bitterly.

Alert

THIS happened in a city in the West —wouldn't be fair to make it more definite than that. A little housewife was doing her breakfast dishes when the doorbell rang. A strange man was standing outside. He introduced himself as a member of the American Legion, and produced adequate credentials. "I'm helping investigate Fifth Column activities. I'm told that you've seen armed men drilling in this neighborhood. Know anything about them?" She couldn't think what he was getting at for quite a while, then she remembered. Several weeks before, she had mentioned, at a bridge party, that men were drilling in the neighborhood, making a terrible racket with their compressed-air guns and tearing up the street in front of her house.

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"Why, George Carter! What keeps you in town?"

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WOODMAN, DON'T SPARE THAT TREE!

NOT long ago a landscape architect down my way was retained by a lady who, to put it bluntly, had just fallen heir to a satchelful of the stuff. Instead of the same old flowers and trees, the fair client wanted a garden plan for her country house which would express her own unique personality: something arresting, terribly audacious, yet smart; in short, identifying her unmistakably as a lady who had just fallen heir to a satchelful. The architect smacked his lips in a refined way, like a fox in a henhouse, and went to work. Employing a dozen wooden horses gleaned from a defunct amusement park, and a profusion of the rarest vines, creepers, and bulbs known to man, he created a spectacular floral carrousel that dazzled the countryside. Farmers came from miles around to lean on their manure forks and gape at the horticultural gewgaw, but Mrs. Krebs was clearly disappointed.

"You haven't captured my mood at all," she pouted. "Deep down, I'm really a mystic—haunting, inscrutable. Now, this," she went on, waving toward a mournful Chirico which had set her back eleven thousand clams, "this is really *me*."

"You took the words right out of my mouth," agreed the architect, "but I was just interpreting the little girl in you. The spiritual side is on the fire and should be ready any day now."

A week later, wrenched from its native California by political influence plus considerable baksheesh, a gnarled Monterey cypress rolled into the county seat on a flatcar. It was unloaded and borne to the estate, where a gang of workmen sank it in a cement base and sprayed it dead white. One of New York's most recherché decorators then looped smilax and Spanish moss from its writhing limbs, and on the first night of the full moon the result was unveiled to its owner. The effect was so electric that the architect now sends his fees to the bank in an armored car and has taken to wearing pencil-striped pants in the forenoon.

One might be inclined to shrug one's pretty shoulders and dismiss such decadence as isolated were it not for a photograph in a recent issue of the *American Home*. It portrays a lifeless apple tree, hairy with vines and birdbaths, rearing up forlornly in a small patio under the caption "Seeing the artistic possibilities of this dead tree, Mrs. Clyde L. Hagerman, of Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, bought it, had it set in concrete in her outdoor living room, so she can drape it each summer in moonflowers and gourd vines." Here, then, is a trend, as significant as the first shifter pin or the original Eugénie hat. As the hysteria spreads, any number of provocative situations may arise, but one of them seems to fall naturally into the dramatic pattern. Places, please.

(*Scene: A country road toward dusk. A station wagon rounds the bend, in its front seat Mr. and Mrs. Updegraff. The tonneau is heaped high with Chinese-lacquer taborets inlaid with mother-of-pearl, paintings on velvet, and other post-Victorian bagatelles with which Mrs. Updegraff plans to redecorate her home. She is busily examining two yellowed Welsbach mantles.*)

MRS. UPDEGRAFF (*exultantly*): They're just like the ones Lilian Gassaway bought at the Parke-Bernet Galleries—she'll be furious! I'll have them dyed dark blue and use them for flowerholders.

MR. UPDEGRAFF (*listlessly*): What are you going to do with that old sewing machine back there—open a sweatshop?

MRS. UPDEGRAFF: No, the feet'll make a lovely coffee table. I saw the very piece of marble in that Portuguese cemetery we passed. Couldn't we sneak out some dark night—?

MR. UPDEGRAFF (*violently*): Who the hell do you think we are—Burke and Hare? Now, look here, Juanita—

MRS. UPDEGRAFF (*suddenly*): Stop! Stop the car! We just passed it!

MR. UPDEGRAFF: What?

MRS. UPDEGRAFF: The hickory I've been lickory for—I mean the hickory I've been looking for! Oh, Leslie, it's a dream! Look at those great, tormented limbs! Come on! Let's find out how much they're asking!

MR. UPDEGRAFF (*desperately*): Now, Juanita, you know we can't afford—

MRS. UPDEGRAFF (*in another world*): I can just see Myrtle Greneker's face, giving herself airs with that miserable little sycamore of hers.

MR. UPDEGRAFF: But this thing's dead!

MRS. UPDEGRAFF: Of course it is, silly. Do you suppose I'd put a live hickory in our patio? Don't be tacky.

MR. UPDEGRAFF: A zombie, that's what I married. Cemeteries, dead hickories . . .

(*He moodily throws the car into reverse. The curtain is lowered for a few moments while the scenery is being shifted. Should the audience become restive, the interval can be filled by a ballet, "Six Who Pass While the Concrete Boils," in which half a dozen stocky Bryn Mawr girls in gray jersey stride convulsively from one end of the stage to the other tugging at a veil. This symbolizes the forces of water, sand, and Portland cement at first refusing to work harmoniously, then uniting for the common good. When the curtain rises again it discloses Reuben Hayseed, a farmer with chin whiskers and a linen duster, seated in a rocker tilted against his home, over which towers the dead hickory. One of Reuben's two young sons has hoisted his brother up into the limbs in a fragile box of the sort used for packing eggs.*)

HAYSEED (*thickly*): Gad, it's murder to send a mere boy up in a crate like that.

(*His words are prophetic; a moment later the boy plummets out of the tree and breaks his neck. He is borne offstage with many lamentations by the six Bryn Mawr girls in a pageant entitled "Youth in the Hands of the Receivers." Enter Mr. and Mrs. Updegraff.*)

MRS. UPDEGRAFF: That tree's unsafe! It ought to be condemned!

HAYSEED (*placidly*): We like it.

MRS. UPDEGRAFF: You watch, it'll come crashing down through the roof someday.

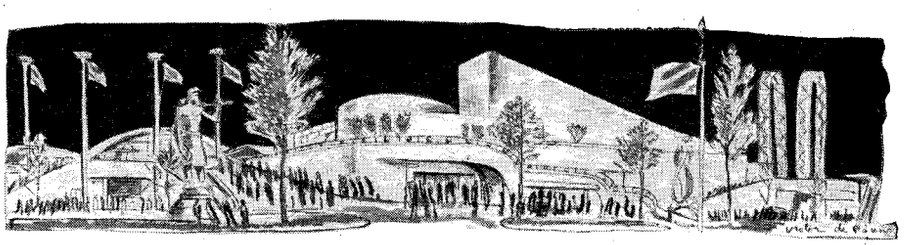
HAYSEED: That's what makes life at Echo Valley Farm so piquant.

MRS. UPDEGRAFF (*snorting*): It's just a lot of old firewood to me.

HAYSEED: Really? I can't quite agree. Sometimes, viewed by moonlight, its gaunt agony typifies the melancholy and futility of existence.

MR. UPDEGRAFF: That's pretty dickty talk for a farmer.

HAYSEED: It may interest you to



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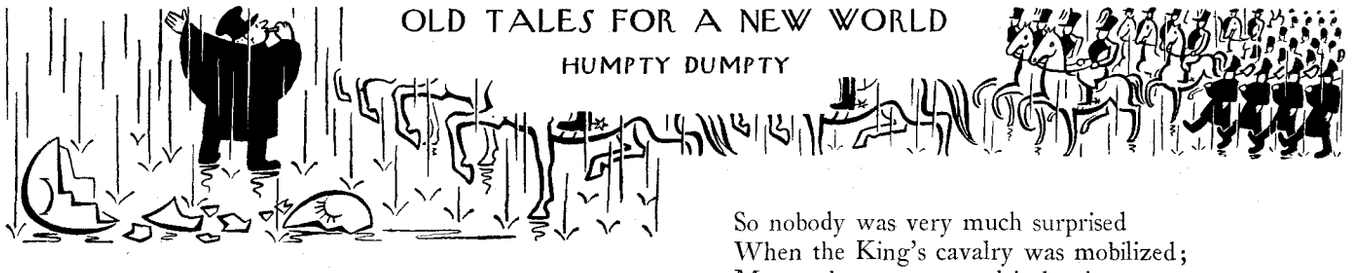

OLD TALES FOR A NEW WORLD

HUMPTY DUMPTY

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.

And when the sentry came that way, he found
All that was left of Humpty on the ground.
The alarm was blown, the royal first-aid squads
Came but did nothing; they were only lads.
"Poor Humpty Dumpty!" cried the King when told.
"A brittle creature, but a heart of gold.
How did it happen?" "Sire, he took a fall
When sitting doing nothing on a wall,
And—medical authority has spoken—
It is quite evident the shell is broken."
"An accident?" "Foul play, Sire, seems excluded."
The King a while in royal silence brooded,
Then snapped, "Our sidewalk suffers, we must act,
Or Humpty will be permanently cracked.
Prime Minister, you'd better ascertain
How to put Humpty Dumpty together again."
"The expense, Your Majesty?" "Our whole resources
Are yours, Prime Minister, both men and horses."

Accordingly a glum Prime Minister
Proceeded by due stages to confer
With each Department, whether much concerned
Or little; to the lot of them he turned,
To Health, to Wealth, Mines, Fisheries, and Speech,
Coördinating each, of course, with each.
The Reconstructional Finance Committee
Issued a loan, much thought of in the City,
Then the whole scheme was laid in draft before
The Cabinet by the Minister of War,
And Parliament enacted with a will
The Humpty Dumpty Reassembly Bill.

So nobody was very much surprised
When the King's cavalry was mobilized;
Many a horse was roped in by the grooms,
Many a hero hired his borrowed plumes,
Many a wife wiped many a tearful eye,
Many a flask was filled with scotch or rye;
And as with banners and a warlike air
The cavalry paraded in the square,
Many a veteran voiced the common thought,
"We oughta save that guy, we surely ought."

With merry clank they trotted through the town
Mid cheers; the clouds came up, the rain came down;
Wet through, they waited at the fatal spot,
For they were punctual, but the King was not.
At last he came and drily took his seat
Beneath a white umbrella in the street,
While dauntless in the rain, amid more cheers,
The mackintoshed and mounted engineers
Got out their tackle and to business fell
Upon the largest piece of Humpty's shell.
It broke, so little bit by little bit
They got it into heaps and tidied it
Before they paused for lunch.
"So far so good,"
Murmured the King, preoccupied with food.
"You have the shell, now what about the rest?"
The Ministers turned pale; north, south, east, west,
They searched and searched the now familiar ground,
But Humpty Dumpty was not to be found.
"Sire," cried the horrified Prime Minister,
"The rain, Your Majesty, unless I err,
Has washed poor Humpty Dumpty down this drain.
Your Majesty, we never thought of rain."
He paused, and trembled at the King's reply,
"It's time we mechanized the cavalry!"

—GEORGE ALLEN

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learn that I am one of the few farmers who ever graduated from the Sorbonne.

MR. UPDEGRAFF: No kid? Why, I'm an old Sorbonne man myself! What'd you major in?

HAYSEED: None of your god-damned business.

MRS. UPDEGRAFF: Look here, young man, we may have a use for that old stump. How much do you want for it?

HAYSEED: Sixty dollars.

MR. UPDEGRAFF: Sixty dollars!

HAYSEED: Hear that echo? Clear as a bell. (*Proudly*) No wonder they call this place Echo Valley Farm.

MRS. UPDEGRAFF: Isn't—isn't that rather expensive?

HAYSEED: Not for an original. I've got a barnful of copies out there at ten dollars, if that's what you want.

MRS. UPDEGRAFF: No, I couldn't bear anything near me that wasn't authentic. I'm funny that way.

HAYSEED: So am I. I'd just as soon take half the money to have my pieces go into a home where they're appreciated.

MR. UPDEGRAFF: Is that an offer?

HAYSEED: No, simply a manner of speaking.

MRS. UPDEGRAFF: Oh, Leslie, it *is* divine, isn't it? After all, we could economize next month. Spaghetti's cheap, but it's filling.

MR. UPDEGRAFF (*a dead pigeon*): Yes, dear. (*To Hayseed*) Do you mind taking a check? It isn't certified.

HAYSEED: Not at all. What bank?

MR. UPDEGRAFF: Corn Exchange.

HAYSEED: Funny, I'm an old Corn Exchange man myself. How big's your balance?

MR. UPDEGRAFF: None of your god-damned business.

HAYSEED (*folding check*): There. And now can I interest you folks in a plate of Mrs. Hayseed's real country doughnuts, piping hot from the oven?

MR. UPDEGRAFF (*hastily*): Er—no, thanks, we'll just pick up some cheap copies along the road.

(*As the Updegraffs exit, Hayseed resumes his seat in the rocker with a contented sigh and, taking up an old cobbler's bench, begins to convert it into a lamp.*)

CURTAIN

—S. J. PERELMAN

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HOUDINI

IT was Sunday morning and the sun on the river was bright without too much heat, the crowd of hikers on the ferryboat noisy and large. The girls wore ribbons in their hair and when they stood against the rail of the boat the wind whipped at their slacks. The young men chewed the stems of pipes with initials cut into the bowls, and they carried shoe boxes full of lunch, which were fitted with tricky little arrangements of rope or string, so that they hung over the shoulder or on the chest like a night-club cigarette girl's tray. Some of them played kazoos or harmonicas or ukuleles, and they all sang. They sang loudly and steadily, and at times it seemed that the whole boat was singing the same song.

There was also a troop of Boy Scouts on board, who were very busy chasing back and forth across the deck and through the lounge, shouting, shoving, tossing their bulging knapsacks around, and tripping each other. There were sixteen of them and they were making so much noise that they could easily have been mistaken for twice that number, but the other hikers didn't pay any attention to them. Neither did the three scoutmasters. They leaned against the rail and watched the girl hikers with a deep interest. Two of the men were thin and dark haired, with small mustaches, and it was obvious they hadn't shaved that morning. The third scoutmaster was taller and much broader, with stiff, blond hair and a pink, clean-shaven face. As the boat began to bump its way into the ferry slip on the Jersey side, he turned to the other two. "We better get them all together, huh?" he said. "Before we get off the boat, I mean."

The two dark-haired scoutmasters shrugged. "Yeah, sure," one of them said. "Might as well. Go ahead."

The blond scoutmaster left the rail and moved across the crowded deck toward the Boy Scouts. As soon as they saw him coming, they surged toward him, laughing as they pulled at his uniform and dodged his good-natured shoves. When he ordered them into line, they did not obey promptly, but there was no disrespect in their voices or their actions and gradually they formed two columns. He kept them in some sort of order and joked with them as he marched them toward the front of the boat. When the two other scoutmasters fell in behind, the joking and the horseplay stopped immediately and the boys became quiet and subdued. They called these scoutmasters Mr. Bauman and Mr. Keller, very respectfully. They didn't speak to the blond scoutmaster at all when the other two were within earshot. When they weren't, the boys called him Johnny.

On the shore, outside the ferryhouse, Bauman and Keller conducted a brief inspection of the boys and of their equipment, and then gave the order to march north.

"We always go north toward Alpine," Johnny said. "I promised the kids today we'd take them south."

"Who are you to go around promising?" Bauman demanded. "Keller and me, we got something to say in this troop too, you know. In case you're forgetting."

Johnny flushed and drew them aside.

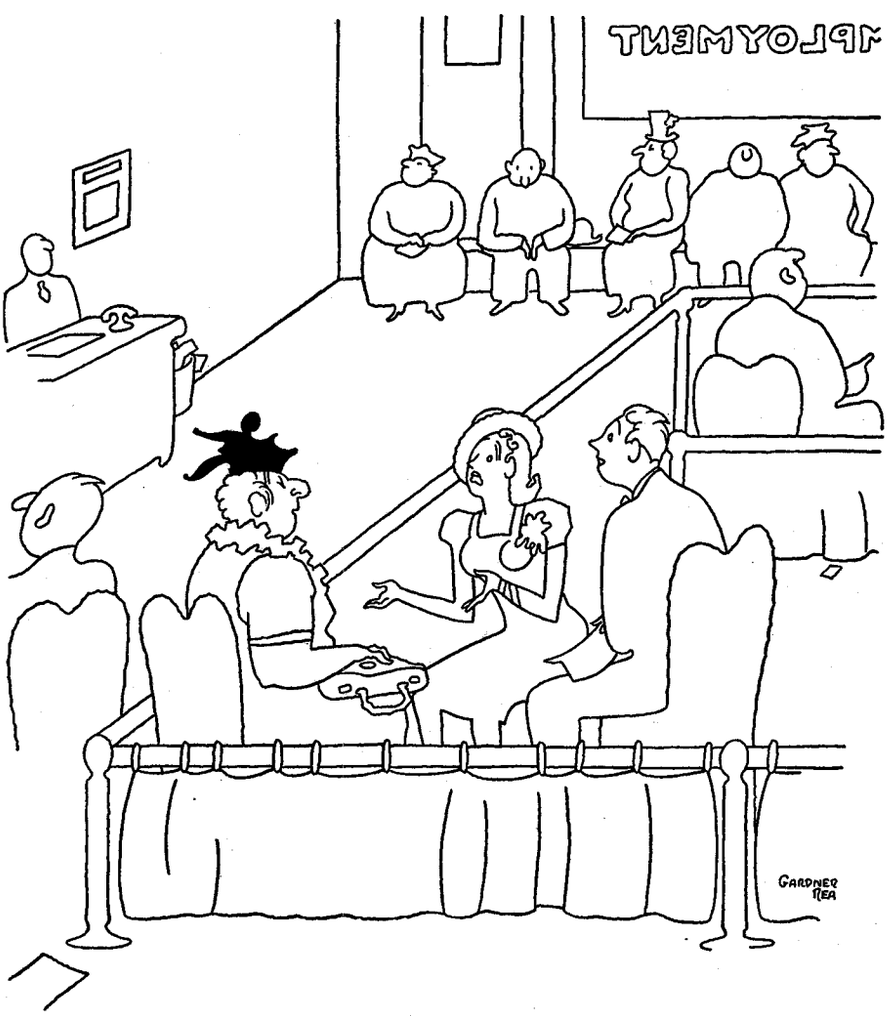
"Sure you have," he said earnestly. "I didn't mean that. It's just that the kids pestered me at the last meeting we should go south and—well, as long as that's what the kids want, I don't see that it makes any difference where we—"

"It's a matter of discipline," Keller said.

"You let them ride all over you roughshod," Bauman said, walking toward the boys and speaking over his shoulder. "Come on. We're going north, up toward Alpine." The boys hesitated.

"You heard what he said," Keller said, following Bauman. "North to Alpine. I said it, also. That makes it two to one."

THE procession started slowly and in sullen silence. Johnny led the way, several yards in front of the first two boys. Bauman and Keller brought up the rear, several yards behind the last boys. For a while they maintained that formation, walking along without speaking. Gradually, however, the first two boys quickened their pace to catch up with Johnny. The others followed and it was plain that he was glad to have them. In a few minutes they were all bouncing along noisily in a formless snarl, with the big blond head and the pink-faced grin sticking up in the middle. Bauman and Keller maintained



"Not even if we washed and you dried?"

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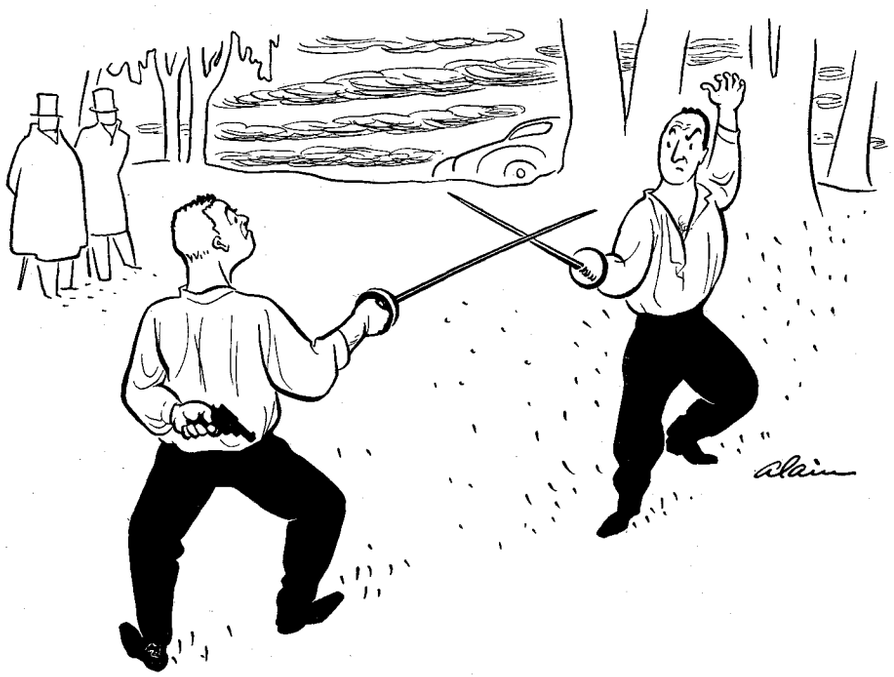

their distance in the rear. Once, while the formation was breaking, Bauman started to step forward. Keller stopped him.

"Aah, what can you do?" he said in a low voice. "You can't teach him nothing about discipline. It takes brains. Of which he's got you know how much. Let him alone."

As they walked, Johnny kept the boys' minds off the heat and the weight of their knapsacks by testing them on the names of trees, cloud formations, and birds. He reached up to pluck leaves from overhanging branches and he called for volunteers to name them. When he pointed out a piece of rock at the river's edge that he wanted them to notice for its color, they raced to it and fought to bring it back to him. At two o'clock they left the river path and made camp in a cleared space in the woods. The incident at the ferryhouse had been forgotten.

The boys paired off to do their cooking and Johnny went from group to group supervising the fires and the meals. Nobody would begin to eat until Johnny had tasted the first bite of blackened steak and pronounced it done. Bauman and Keller busied themselves with their own meal.

After lunch the boys wanted to go swimming. Keller said they would have to wait a full hour before going into the water. Johnny agreed and filled in the time by teaching them tricks with knots. His fingers were broad and clumsy-looking, but they curled with surprising deftness in and out of the twists and loops of the rope. After he tied a knot he would open it and do it over again several times, very slowly, until the boys watching him could repeat it. Then he would go on to a new one. Bauman and Keller stood on the outskirts of the group for a while.

"Lemme take a look at that rope," Keller said finally. "I got a little trick here I'd like to show you."

"Sure." Johnny handed over the rope. It was a seven- or eight-foot length, of the kind that is used for clotheslines. Keller took it and turned to Bauman. "Come on," he said, "we'll show the boys something."

"Right," Bauman said, turning around and clasping his hands behind him. He did it without hesitation, as though he knew what was expected of him. Keller tied Bauman's wrists together, then had him lie on the ground while he tied his ankles. A short piece of rope was left dangling. Keller twisted this through both knots and hauled on them hard. Bauman's bound ankles came up to touch his bound wrists behind his back. Keller tucked in the loose end of rope and stood up. "O.K., boys," he said, dusting his hands. "Take a good look."

Johnny and the boys came close and inspected the knots. One boy reached out and tested them. They were solid and tight. Bauman grinned up at them from the ground and shook his head comically. "He's got meh, boys," he said. "He's got meh."

"All right," Keller said, waving them back. "You satisfied the knots are O.K.? You satisfied it's on the level?" Everybody nodded. "O.K.," he said to Bauman. "Do your stuff."

Bauman twisted himself over on his back, so that the knots were hidden behind him. In a few moments he jumped up. His hands and legs were free and he was waving the rope. Johnny and the boys looked at him in astonishment. Bauman bowed elaborately, like a vaudeville performer, and walked up to Keller. "Now you," he said.

"Right," Keller said. When his wrists and ankles were tied together, he twisted over on his back exactly as Bauman had done. He writhed gently for a few moments and then jumped up, holding the rope in his hand and grinning. Bauman took the rope from him and turned to the puzzled group.

"What do you say? Anybody else want to try it?" The boys glanced at each other and at Johnny. Nobody spoke. "What do you say? Any volunteers?" Bauman looked directly at Johnny. "How about you? You're such a shark with the rope, teaching the kids knots and all, what do you say? Like to try it?"

Johnny smiled slowly. "Well, sure, I don't mind," he said. "It's just that—let me ask you. Those knots. They're all on the level?"

"What then?" Bauman said. "You just got through looking at them, didn't you?"

"Yeah, sure," Johnny said. "I tested them."

"Of course, if you're afraid," Bauman said, "why, just skip the whole business."

"I'm not afraid," Johnny said quickly. "I just wanted to know if—"

"Sure, Johnny, go ahead," one of the smaller boys cried suddenly. "You can do anything they can do! You can do it better!"

Bauman and Keller swung around sharply. The boy who had spoken looked frightened. He backed away and tried to hide behind the others.

"All right," Johnny said. "I'll try that rope trick, too."

THE sixteen boys crowded around Bauman, watching intently. He appeared to be doing the identical job he had done on Keller and that Keller had done on him. The only difference was that he worked more slowly over the knots this time. When he finished, Johnny was lying on the ground, his wrists and ankles trussed tightly behind his back. Bauman stepped away and dusted his hands. "O.K., Houdini," he said. "Go to it."

For several seconds Johnny lay still. Only his fingers moved. He couldn't

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reach all of the knots, and those he could reach didn't have the loose ends of the rope in them. The boys gathered closer.

"I'll give you a tip," Bauman said. "That's not the way."

"Hey, now, wait a minute," Keller said. "No coaching from the sidelines, there."

"A little tip like that is coaching?" Bauman asked.

"It doesn't matter," Keller said. "A great woodsman like Johnny, he doesn't need any tips. He knows leaves and clouds. He knows birds and rocks. He knows knots. He knows everything. If you and I can do it, he can do it, too."

"He can do it better," Bauman said.

"That's right," Keller said. "I forgot. It's a cinch for Johnny. He's a regular Dan Beard."

Johnny twisted over on his shoulder. He was very red in the face and he started to smile halfheartedly.

"What's the matter?" Bauman asked. "You licked?"

Johnny dug his teeth into his lower lip and tugged at the knots. The veins on his forehead stuck out. Three or four of the boys turned and walked away. They looked at each other guiltily as they went, but they did not speak. Bauman suddenly sat down on the ground beside Johnny. "O.K.?" he said. "Had enough?"

Johnny's left cheek was touching the grass. He didn't raise it from the ground, but he could see the circle of shoes around him. And he could see the legs of the boys who were walking away. He shook his head.

"Well, well, well," Bauman said, falling back on his haunches. "On top of everything else, he's one of these strong, silent guys, too." He pulled out a package of cigarettes, took one, and passed the package to Keller. "Something for your nerves?"

"Thanks," Keller said; then, with a nod toward Johnny, "Maybe the smoke'll bother him?"

Bauman leaned down close to Johnny. "What do you say, Houdini? Should we take it off?"

Johnny didn't answer. He was breathing heavily and his blond hair was tumbled forward on his face. His lower lip was bleeding from the pressure of his teeth.

"If that's the way he wants it," Keller said with a shrug, "so all right, that's the way he wants it."

Bauman shook his head and scowled. Suddenly the expression on his face changed. He dropped his cigarette and leaned forward. "Come on, Johnny," he said. "Stop acting like a jackass." He reached over for the knots. "You'll never get out of that. It's a trick and you don't know how to work it. Lemme open the—"

Johnny writhed violently and swung himself out of Bauman's reach.

"Go on, let him alone," Keller said, his voice full of disgust. "If he wantsa be stubborn about it, O.K., lettim be stubborn. Come on, we'll take the kids swimming. We'll—hey!" He jumped up and looked around. The boys had all disappeared. "Well, of all the—hey, the kids! They—"

Bauman stood up and dusted his breeches slowly. "Aah, they're all right. They're around somewhere. Don't worry about them." He leaned over Johnny and spoke quietly. "Listen, Johnny, cut it out, will you? A gag's a gag, but this is gone too far. I'm telling you it's a trick. You'll never make it unless—" He reached for the knots. Again Johnny moved away from him.

"If he wantsa do it, he thinks he's so smart he can do it, let him do it," Keller said. "Let's go find those kids."

"With you in a second." Bauman took out his pocketknife, opened the blade, and placed it behind Johnny within reach of his hands. "Don't be a dope," he said in a low voice.

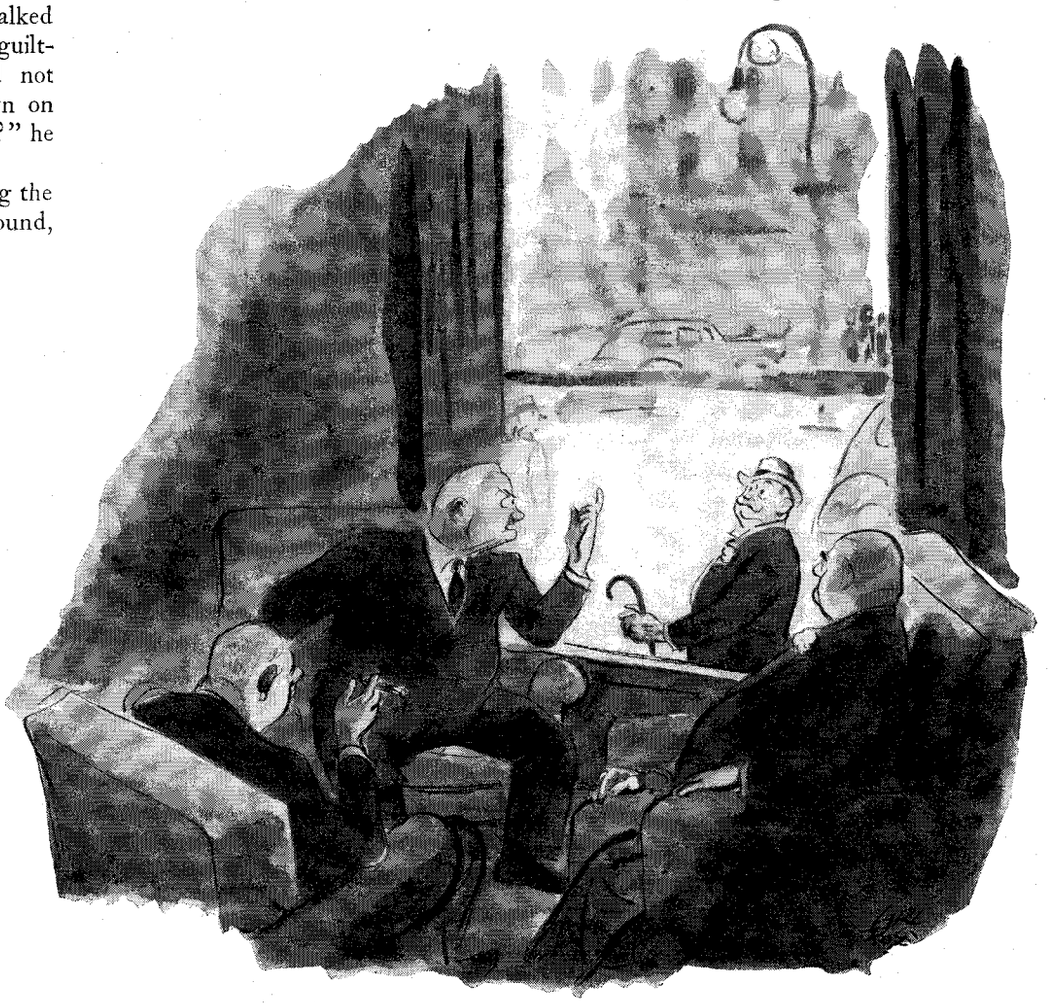
Johnny looked at him. Then deliberately he swung himself over and rolled away from the knife. He lay there, panting with the effort. Bauman stared at the knife and stooped to pick it up. But he stopped halfway, straightened without touching the knife, and walked toward Keller.

"Come on," he said. "Let's find the kids."

WHEN they returned with the boys an hour later, Johnny was lying in much the same position. The boys huddled together, looking at him.

"Break camp," Bauman snapped.

He bent down for his knife and cut the rope from Johnny's wrists and ankles. Johnny sat up and began to rub his hands, looking down at them



"We'll soon find out what the man in the street thinks. I say there . . ."

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with scowling concentration, as though he had never seen them before. The boys kept their heads carefully averted as they dismantled the fireplaces, scattered the ashes, and strapped on their packs.

"Get up to the road and wait for us," Bauman said.

Without a word they began to clamber hastily out of the clearing that had served them as a camp.

"You all right?" Bauman asked awkwardly when the boys were gone.

"Uh, yeah," Johnny said. "I'm all right."

"Then come on," Keller said. "What do you say we go?"

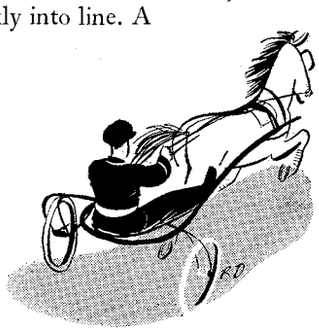
Bauman and Keller climbed through the gap in the bushes that the boys had taken. Johnny got up slowly and followed. It was late, almost five o'clock, and the heat had gone out of the sun. On the path, which was crowded with noisy hikers going to the ferry, the sixteen boys stood in a silent, ragged group. Bauman and Keller walked out of the bushes and approached the boys. Johnny came last and stood a bit to one side, rubbing his wrists. The boys watched him furtively. All the confidence was gone from their eyes and all the affection.

"O.K., Johnny," Bauman said. "Let's get started."

Johnny hesitated. Then he raised his head.

"Uh, all right, kids," he said with unconvincing heartiness. "Maybe we'd better—uh—maybe you'd better fall in."

The boys snapped briskly into line. A moment before they had been a ragged, awkward group. Now they were two rigid, soldierly columns. Johnny's mouth opened in astonishment. Then he swung on his heel and began to walk down the path toward the ferry. He did not turn his head to either side or look back.



"Come on, come on," Keller said irritably. "What's the matter with you kids? Start walking, will you? It's getting late."

But the boys waited until Johnny had gone about ten yards before the two silent columns moved forward. They walked in perfect formation. Carefully, as though by agreement, they matched their pace to his. They were very precise about this. They did not seem to want to close the large gap that now separated them. —JEROME WEIDMAN

MARELLA

HARBORHOLM was one of the oldest but least pretentious places on the north shore of Long Island. Although each of the generations of Bassetts who had lived there had added a wing or at least a room or two to the original small white farmhouse, it still looked comfortable and compact, hardly important enough for the sweep of lawn which ran from the hilltop on which it stood down to the edge of the Sound. It was on a terrace overlooking this lawn that Mrs. Bassett sat one July afternoon with her old school friend Mrs. Guthrie. The two women, comfortably settled in deck chairs, were sipping their favorite summer beverage of orange juice, pineapple juice, and ginger ale, with a dash of cherry brandy. Although Mrs. Bassett was plump and cheerful and Mrs. Guthrie very thin, they both wore white dresses of almost identical cut, lineal descendants of their school uniforms of forty years before. They had been discussing the problem of rose blight for some time when Mrs. Bassett suddenly laid one hand on Mrs. Guthrie's arm and pointed across the lawn with the other.

"Look, Eva," she said. "There's a picture for you!"

Mrs. Guthrie stared, put on her glasses, and stared again. Two little girls had come running hand in hand out of a grove of maples which bordered the lawn. One of them had long black curls, which bobbed on her shoulders with every step; the other was taller and very blonde, dressed in shorts and a crimson sweater.

"*Sweet*!" exclaimed Mrs. Guthrie. "I've always thought Joan was the prettiest of your grandchildren. But who's the dark-haired little girl?"

"That's Marella," said Mrs. Bassett, with a hint of mystery in her voice.

"Marella?"

"Oh, it's so nice!" cried Mrs. Bassett, who had never been able to hang on to a surprise as long as she would have liked. "You remember how worried I was for fear Joanie would be bored to death here with only her old Grandma for company on her visit? Well, one day I suddenly realized that Jennie, our Swiss laundress, had been talking about her little girl for ever so long—she's the apple of her eye. When she told me that Marella was only a month younger than Joan, who'll be seven in December, I asked her to bring the child along for the afternoon the next time she came. That was a week ago, and the two darlings took such a fancy to each other that they've been playing together every day since. I think Marella will be simply broken-hearted when Joanie goes home tomorrow."

"Sweet," said Mrs. Guthrie for the second time. "This must seem like fairyland to Marella."

"She loves it," Mrs. Bassett said. "Jennie tells me that she's up at five-thirty every morning, wanting to put on her best dress right away, and can hardly wait until we send the station wagon down for her."

Mrs. Guthrie gave her an appreciative smile and sipped her drink. The two children had thrown themselves full length on the lawn and were staring out at the boats on the Sound. Their shrill, excited voices drifted up to the terrace.

"Marella," murmured Mrs. Guthrie. "What a pretty name. She's Swiss, you say?"

"Well, not really, of course. She was born here in the village."

"But her parents are?"

"Jennie's second generation, I believe," said Mrs. Bassett regretfully. "But John, her husband, was born and brought up in Berne. Jennie's terribly proud of that." She gazed at the children for a moment and then cupped her hands about her mouth.

"Yoo-hoo, Joanie and Marella!" she called. "We've got some teacakes for you here."

The little girls sprang to their feet and ran up the slope to the terrace. Joan, who had long, slim, and very brown legs, arrived there first. She greeted Mrs. Guthrie politely and said, "I can turn a somersault," which she did, knocking over the glass which Mrs. Guthrie had placed on the grass beside her deck chair. In a moment, Marella, panting a little, stood beside Joan, staring at the two women out of tremendous black eyes. Her skin was as dark as Joan's, but without its golden tinge. A faint line of perspiration had sprung out on her upper lip. She was wearing a flowered dress with a wide skirt and puffed sleeves.

"Hello, Marella," Mrs. Bassett said. "That's a very pretty dress you've got on."

"Is it a little Swiss dress?" asked Mrs. Guthrie.

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"My father brung it from Brooklyn," Marella said shyly.

There was a pause until Mrs. Bassett remembered the teacakes.

"There's one for each of you, a treat, because it's your last day together," she said, taking two pink frosted cakes from the tray on the table beside her and putting them on separate plates. "Why don't you sit down and eat them nicely, right beside us here?"

"No," said Joan. "We want to eat them over there. It's our house."

Mrs. Bassett patted her granddaughter's shoulder and smiled adoringly as Joan and Marella, holding their plates carefully out before them, settled themselves under a tree nearby. Mrs. Guthrie, who was childless, felt that she had admired the little girls sufficiently and went back to the subject of her garden. After a moment or two Mrs. Bassett interrupted her.

"Oh, children," she called, "I'm afraid I see the station wagon waiting to take Marella home. Shall we go up on the sun porch first and pick out a toy?"

She rose and strolled toward the house, with Mrs. Guthrie beside her and the two children skipping ahead.

"This was Joan's own idea," she explained in a low voice. "When Marella went home the first evening, Joan let her choose one of her toys, 'for keeps,' she said, and she's done it every day since. It's just some little thing each time, but it means a lot to Marella."

THE sun porch, which had been turned into a playroom for Joan, was littered with toys. Marella's eyes grew larger and blacker as she looked at them.

"What do you want, Marella?" asked Joan, dancing with excitement and basking in the approval of her grandmother and Mrs. Guthrie, who were standing by the door.

Marella looked around slowly until her eyes lighted on a set of white china doll-house furniture carefully arranged in a shallow box on a table. The furniture was of Victorian design and included a love seat, a grand piano, a table with pink roses painted on its top, four sturdy chairs to match, and a whatnot, on the shelves of which were cemented miniature ornaments—a Dresden shepherdess, a vase of flowers, and a cup and saucer.

"That's what I want," Marella said.

There was an uncomfortable pause. Marella started to pick up the box.

"No, Marella!" cried Joan, catching her arm. "You'll have to take something else. I can't let you have the furniture."

"Of course, it's my first effort."

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Marella looked around in bewilderment as Mrs. Bassett hurried to her side.

"You see, Marella," she explained gently, "that furniture belonged to me when I was a little girl, living in this house. I want Joan to have it, and when she grows up and has a little girl of her own, *she's* going to play with it, too."

"That's what I want," Marella said firmly. "Every day you said to pick out a toy, and I did."

"How about a painting set, Marella?" asked Joan.

"Or this lovely, lovely dolly?" said Mrs. Bassett.

"Or that wagon in the corner?" said Mrs. Guthrie. "My, but I'd like that wagon if I were a little girl."

"You said to pick out a toy, and I did," Marella repeated. She glanced uneasily toward the driveway, where the chauffeur was sitting with ostentatious patience in the station wagon.

"Here's a Raggedy Andy," Joan said, thrusting the doll toward Marella. "You can take him, Marella."

"No," said Marella. "If I can't have the furniture, I don't want nothing at all."

"Oh dear," said Mrs. Bassett under her breath. She bent coaxingly over Marella.

"I saw some very nice doll furniture in the toy shop in the village one day, Marella. Shall I ask your mother to get it for you, as a present from Joanie?"

"I saw that furniture," Marella said. "It's made of wood." She gave one last, regretful glance at the box on the table and walked slowly toward the door. "If I can't have that set, I don't want nothing," she said.

Mrs. Bassett pressed her lips together and turned to Joan. "Well, dear," she said briskly, "you'd better say goodbye quickly to your little friend. We're keeping Henry waiting."

"G'bye," said Joan, moving to her grandmother's side.

"G'bye," Marella answered.

"Isn't she really going to take anything?" Joan asked her grandmother in amazement.

"I'm afraid that Marella hasn't been a very good little girl today," Mrs. Bassett said, putting her arm around Joan and drawing her close. "Her mother will be disappointed when she hears about it."

Marella went down the steps of the sun porch. Mrs. Bassett and Joan stood together at the window until the station wagon rounded a curve in the driveway and disappeared from sight.

—ANGELICA GIBBS

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GENUINE male Airdale pup—Father at sight. Estocolmo 13.—*Adv. in El Universal, Mexico City.*

Or at the drop of a handkerchief?

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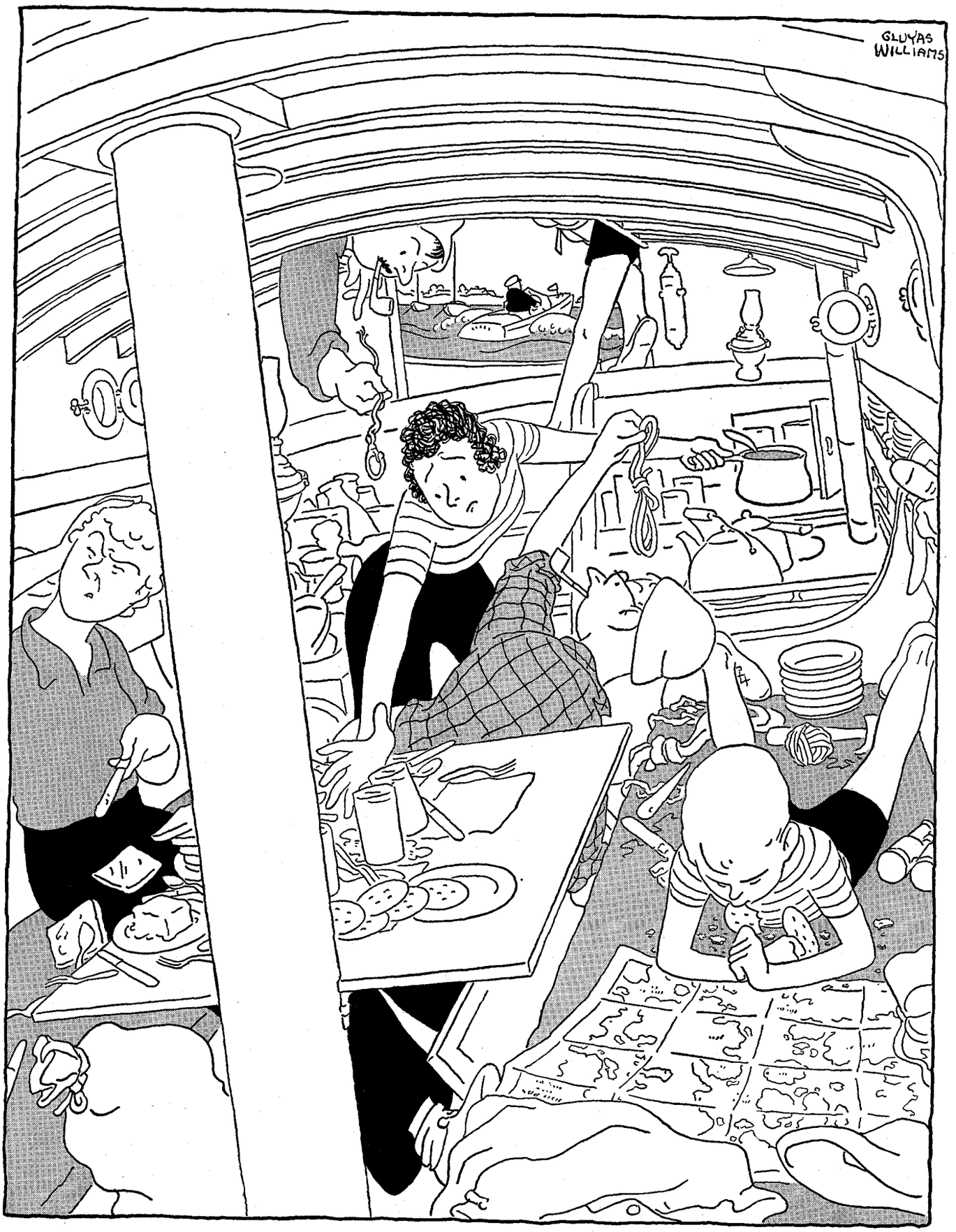

THE INNER MAN

Snug Harbor

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PROFILES

GOSSIP WRITER

VI—LEGACY OF AN EX-HOOFER

Walter Winchell

THE attitude toward the creator of modern gossip writing generally exhibited by the people whose names appear in Walter Winchell's column is a phenomenon which would cause a man from Mars to shake his head from side to side in wonderment and perplexity. Even from a less detached point of view, this attitude seems weird when you consider it. The people who make up this large and varied company, people whose occupations in life range from ballplayer to President of the United States, from chorus girl to First Lady, appear to be conscious of their condition, just as sheep in a thunderstorm are probably aware that they are huddled under a tree, but they have found no really satisfactory solution to their problem.

The case of a highly paid and competent advertising executive of a New York department store whom we will call B. F. Calhoun is illuminating. It is an average case of what has come to be known as the Winchell jitters, a malady which is apt to strike anybody in this country (and to a lesser degree in any other country) who has emerged from obscurity. The victim's prominence may be false or authentic, deserved or undeserved; it may arise from an ability to make a muscle in the chest wiggle or from genuine or merely momentary distinction in art, literature, statesmanship, or the professions. The malady itself may strike the subject down viciously, causing actual pain, or it may merely result in a dull feeling of impotent irritation and bewilderment. The initial infection, being an item about the subject in Winchell's column, may be transmitted to him by Winchell either deliberately, through malice, or inadvertently, through ignorance or a lack of perception on Winchell's part.

This Mr. Calhoun made up his mind about a year ago to resign from the department store, which will here be known as Abington's, and form an advertising agency. He talked it over with the president of Abington's, and their amicable agreement was that he should make his resignation effective in three months so as to give the firm plenty of time to pick his successor. Then poor Calhoun began to think of Walter Winchell.

Calhoun's position with Abington's was such that a number of his private undertakings had appeared to be of mild interest to Winchell from time to time in the past. Winchell had written that Calhoun was "that way" about a young woman whom we will call Miss Alice Hunter, of Scarsdale, before Miss Hunter had agreed to marry him. This item had been brought to the attention of Miss Hunter's mother (an old lady of seventy with white hair) by some friend of the family who read Winchell's column every day. She was eventually convinced by her daughter and by Calhoun that all they had done was to go to the Stork Club together, but for some time she was upset and also stubbornly curious about the exact meaning of the phrase "that way." Calhoun and Miss Hunter were eventually married, however, and after about a year, Winchell predicted the birth of their first baby while they were still holding this secret glowingly to their bosoms, having told nobody but one or two friends and Mrs. Calhoun's mother. Then, later on, when Mrs. Calhoun went to Bermuda with the baby because she had been suffering from sinusitis, Calhoun spent a reasonably gay fortnight on the town, sometimes going about with bachelor friends and twice taking out an old girl of his who had been a friend of Mrs. Calhoun's since long before their marriage, and had been, in fact, the baby's godmother.

Toward the end of Calhoun's carefree fortnight, Winchell asked sulkily in his column, "Are the B. F. Calhouns (Abingtonexec) on the verge?" Calhoun managed to laugh this off with no more serious complications than a stiff face, an uncomfortable interview or two with old Mrs. Hunter, and one of those periods of metallic gaiety on Mrs. Calhoun's part which hid an inner anxiety she never mentioned and perhaps never quite forgot.

That was all Winchell had done to the Calhouns.

But now Calhoun, on the point of making what was to him an important step in his relatively insignificant career, began to wonder what Walter Winchell would say about his leaving Abington's. Would Winchell simply say "B. F. Calhoun is quitting Abington's," or would he say something like "B. F. Calhoun chucks Abington's 3 mo. hence to don the lone wolf's clothes"? The latter would be rather effective, Calhoun decided. He also reflected that probably nobody can make up vivid phrases the way Winchell can. But suppose Winchell said something like "Calhoun is out at Abington's." That would be ambiguous. Or, my God, Calhoun suddenly thought, suppose Winchell should get it all wrong, as he had about him and Alice being on the verge. Suppose Winchell definitely indicated that he was being fired. That row he had had with the second vice-president in March, for example. Did Winchell know about that? If he did, wouldn't he naturally infer that Abington's was easing him out, since he might not know that it was the second vice-president who was really being eased out, a process which, of course, would take six months at least to reach fruition? *Or was he really being eased out himself?* Had the boss actually been relieved to learn that he had decided to resign? Was the three-month agreement simply a smoke screen to keep the firm's stockholders unaware of the fact that Abington's had been having trouble with its advertising chief?

But that was silly, Calhoun told himself. He pulled himself together. The thing to do was to write Winchell and tell him the facts, simply and straightforwardly. He sat down and took up a pencil. He would draft the letter and then type it himself after his secretary had gone home. Should he say "Dear Walter" or "Dear Winchell"? It was a question. He had only met Winchell once, quite casually, at the Stork Club, but he thought of him as Walter, just as he thought of Babe Ruth as Babe and Bill Robinson as Bill. Would Winchell be offended if he called him Walter? Would he think he was trying to get familiar? On the other hand, would Winchell think he was standoffish, snobbish, if he addressed him as Winchell? How about *Mr.* Winchell? That sounded queer. Calhoun decided to settle this problem later. He left the salutation blank and started to draft the letter.

Then Calhoun began to wonder if

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Winchell, having received the letter, would indicate in his column that he had got the news from Calhoun himself. That would look bad. The letter might be opened by that secretary of Winchell's and get into the Girl Friday column. "B. F. Calhoun writes. Says he is leaving Abington's to lone wolf it in 3 mo. Heh-heh-heh!"

Calhoun almost decided to change his mind about leaving Abington's. He had a strong impulse to sit tight and not make the move. He put this impulse aside after a struggle and got in touch with an old friend of speakeasy days whom he hated to think of as a friend any longer. This friend had been a taxi-driver, then a bootlegger, then a speakeasy proprietor. Then, having bought the protection of Owney Madden around 1930, he had opened a night club and still operated one. He was frequently mentioned in a familiar way in Winchell's column. Calhoun went to the night club and made friends with the man all over again.

Calhoun was not surprised to find he did not like this ex-bootlegger much. But he asked the man how he could get an item straight to Winchell and get it right. The friend said he knew Winchell pretty well, and suggested that they might drop over to the Stork Club after closing and see if Winchell was in. They did this and found Winchell there, along with a scattering of celebrities. Winchell spoke to Calhoun's companion, and after a while came over to their table, and the three chatted for a while. Calhoun's friend reintroduced Calhoun to Winchell as the Abington advertising chief, and Winchell said he remembered him. "I've printed a couple of items about you in the column, as a matter of fact," said Winchell. "I know," said Calhoun, stifling a curious feeling of revulsion. "I've got another item for you, only I don't suppose it's of any interest." "Yeah?" said Winchell. "I'm leaving Abington's in three months to start an agency of my own. All quite friendly with Abington's, of course. I think I'll have some fun working for myself." Winchell whipped out his notebook and put this down. "O.K.," he said. "Thanks." The item appeared a few days later. "B. F. Calhoun leaves Abington's in December to start his own advertising agency," it said.

CALHOUN's case of the Winchell jitters should be classed as mild. There are men in New York who have been identified by Winchell, by means of crystal-clear euphemisms, as homosexuals; there are people whose attempted suicides he has reported; there are married men and women who, in spite of Winchell's claims that he keeps extra-marital relations out of his column, have been linked with others of the opposite sex; there are couples whose separation has been reported when they were thinking of no such thing, whose impending marriage has been announced when it was not being considered by them; there are individuals whose affectionate regard for someone has been reported when they weren't sure of it themselves. Then, in the middle ground, there are people in New York whose professional aims have been misinterpreted or inaccurately reported; whose opinions have been garbled; whose anecdotes, not told in the presence of Winchell, have been ineptly retold by him, making them feel silly; whose appearances at night clubs have been made to seem more frequent than they really are. At the end of the list are people who merely object to having their names appear in Walter Winchell's column or in any gossip column under any circumstances.

Some people suffer more than Calhoun from the nervousness caused by the existence of gossip columns, and from the loss of their intrinsic sense of decency which results from the acquiescent attitude they feel they must adopt toward Winchell and the other gossip writers. Some suffer less. There are many who have convinced themselves that it means more to them to have their names in Winchell's column than it does to have privacy. A great many people make a point of giving Winchell items about other people in a desperate attempt to ward off a blow at themselves. Others seek by charm to remain in his good graces. Both efforts are nearly always ineffective. It may be recalled that one of Winchell's closest acquaintances was dandling Winchell's young son on his knee when Winchell informed him that there

"How far is that in city blocks?"

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"Now, your division is to break through from Central Avenue and fan out into Westchester."

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was to be an embarrassing item about him in the next day's *Mirror*.

A certain number of people, because of Winchell and other gossip writers, have begun to stay away from the Stork Club and other night clubs where they might be seen or overheard by Winchell or some of the other gossip writers or by one of the legion of unpaid tipsters. Such escapists are not necessarily engaged in immoral practices, although it is open to question whether this is any business of journalism's unless their practices result in police action or litigation. Many of them merely do not wish to be gossiped about.

These escapists are few. Most people in a position to do so speak cordially to Winchell when they see him, or write to him in a friendly way, and give him items for his column. Winchell's existence as a gossip writer depends entirely upon the extent to which his subjects and the community at large assist him in his work. That is the nature of gossip.

The injured feelings from which all these people are apt to suffer at one time or another as a result of an item in Winchell's column are probably unimportant, though often pathetic. The undermining of their independence and self-respect is something else again. They represent an influential section of the populace. When statesmen, novelists, artists, composers, professional men, book publishers, and entertainers go beyond mere toleration of gossip writers and actually coöperate with them, as they do every day, they suffer inevitably from a loss of human dignity, as does the girl who shows Winchell how she can wiggle a muscle in her chest. This is a social evil.

WALTER WINCHELL has been openly condemned only rarely, usually rather fumblingly, and sometimes with disheartening consequences. He has been struck only twice, once by two men who, he says, were beaten up later by New York police detectives, and once by Al Jolson, who knocked him down in Hollywood a few years ago. Jolson has been held up as a hero because of this by some of his friends, but he himself apologized publicly afterward. Another bold but ineffective critic of Winchell was the theatrical man, Earl Carroll. His criticism was oral and amounted to a denunciation. At a gathering at the Central Park Casino in January, 1932, the fastidious producer of the "Vanities" got to his feet and said, in full, "Walter, I wonder if you can take it? We've been taking it from you for a long time. I want to tell you that you are not fit to associate with decent people. You don't belong!" The occasion was a party given by A. C. Blumenthal and his wife, Peggy Fears. There was an uncomfortable silence. Winchell did not reply. Carroll bowed himself out. Winchell said magnanimously later, "Carroll certainly was entitled to his scolding of me. I had treated him pretty mean for many years." Afterward they made up. The incident attracted no public attention.

A more stubborn and destructive critic of Winchell was the late Marlen E. Pew, for many years editor of *Editor & Publisher*. Mr. Pew thought that Winchell was a bad influence in American journalism. He wrote:

> A great many people have suffered injury and indignity at the hands of Walter Winchell in recent years, but few have stepped forth to call his bluffs. He is considered by some an American untouchable. To sue him is to touch pitch. So, the Broadway scavenger has enjoyed remarkable immunity and seems to feel unusual power.

Mr. Pew learned that you do not have to sue Winchell to touch pitch. Winchell referred to him thereafter as "Marlen Peeyew" in his column. At the time he wrote:

> I welcome the opportunity to match my public life as a newspaperman with his. Here's his chance. Has he anything on me? If so, print it, sweetheart. It is also a grand opportunity to other enemies to

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help show me up as a schemer, an off-the-cuff guy, or a hotel-bill grafter, as the legends say.

Westbrook Pegler recently criticized Winchell's familiarity with the administration of the F.B.I. and referred to Winchell, without naming him, as "a gent's-room journalist." Winchell retorted with a full column in which he attacked Pegler, also without naming him.

A few other thoughtful attempts have been made by Winchell's fellow-journalists to define the man's personality and his journalistic code as it is reflected in his column. Alexander Woollcott wrote in Hearst's *Cosmopolitan* in 1933 of "that celebrated, most debatable, most enterprising and most intrusive journalist of our time," but Mr. Woollcott bogged down after he went into Winchell a little way. "I suppose," he wrote, "it would be easy to assemble evidence in support of the contention that Winchell is lacking in taste. He has a more valuable asset. For want of a better term let us call it zest." Stanley Walker had this to say in his book "The Night Club Era," which was a brilliant history of that period by a man more fascinated by its strange fauna than by its sociological implications:

> Winchell brought to his job the perfect equipment—great energy, an eager desire to know what was going on, a lack of conventional breeding and experience, a mind delightfully free of book learning, and an unquenchable desire to be a newspaperman. If his background had been different, he would have been so befuddled by canons of what some people call good taste that he would have revolted at some of his best stuff.... Winchell did much for journalism, for which journalism has been slow to thank him. He helped to change the dreary, ponderous impersonality which was pervading the whole press. Do newspapers today print twice, or ten times, as many items about people—what they are like, what their crotchets are, what they eat and drink and wear—as they did ten years ago? Some of the credit belongs to Winchell.

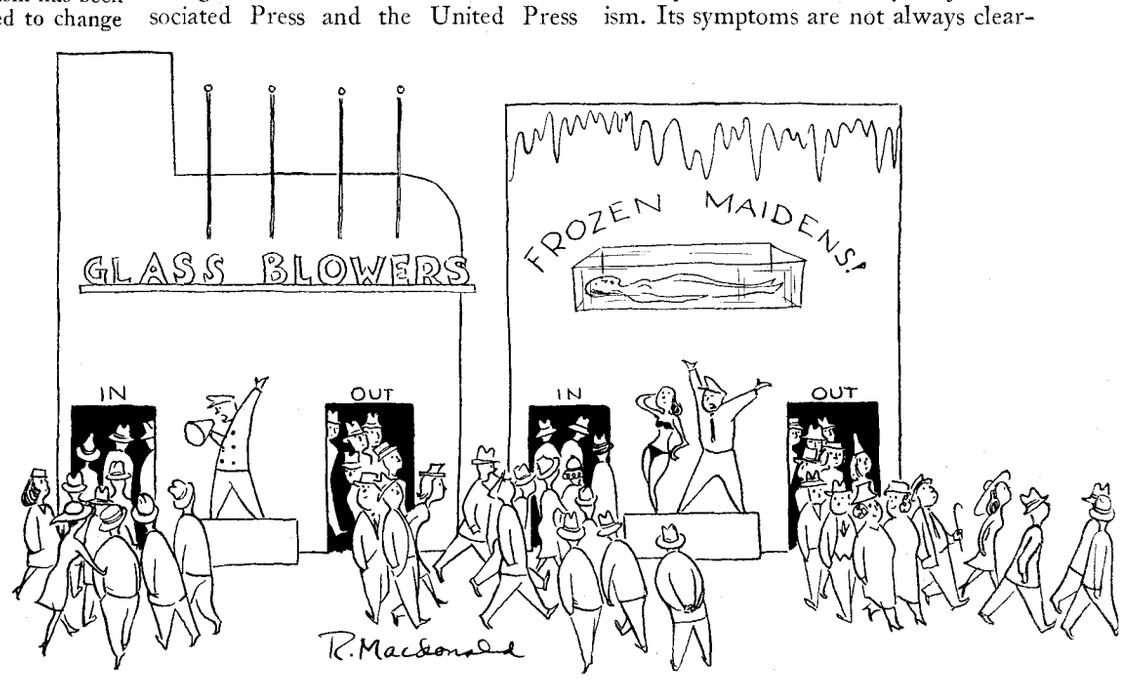
Mr. Walker has since changed his mind; he believes, like Mr. Pew, that Winchell has been a bad influence in journalism.

Journalism, in any case, has been rather quick to thank Winchell. Its gratitude has been expressed frequently in tributes paid to him by the daily and the periodical press. *Judge* gave Winchell its High Hat Award for June, 1938, "for having, out of his alert mind, created a style of reporting . . . for the care with which he checks facts . . . for his refusing to wreck lives and homes and hopes by printing the malicious gossip fed to his desk . . . for his quick sensing of hypocrisy . . . for the generosity of his charities . . . for his helping hand to all those who are sincerely trying, in whatever field," etc., etc. "Walter Winchell belongs in that illustrious company of Greeley and Dana and Pulitzer and Medill," wrote J. P. McEvoy two years ago in a biographical article on Winchell published in the *Saturday Evening Post*. There have been many such tributes through the years, especially since Winchell became a patriot.

But the practical recognition which journalism has extended to Winchell by way of its evident approval and active emulation of his journalistic methods is more significant than any other tribute that has come to him. His column appears six days a week in one hundred and sixty-five newspapers in the United States. A *Fortune* survey declared him to be the most popular columnist in the country. He has imitators in every large city, and four or five in New York who are widely syndicated. About a year ago a Washington gossip writer was beaten, stripped, and rubbed with motor oil by some Virginians who objected to his writings, but this is the only instance of an overt reaction to gossip writing in other cities.

Papers which do not print gossip columns are few, but even these are affected by Winchell's influence. Although such news services as the Associated Press and the United Press would contend in all sincerity that they do not go in for gossip writing, they find themselves nearly every day proceeding at a dignified pace to obtain verification or denial of some item from some gossip column, most frequently Winchell's. Such an item usually concerns the marital relations, or marital intentions, of some public figure. The denial or affirmation, containing the same essential spice as the original gossip item, is gravely printed the next day in such conservative papers as the *Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, the Washington *Star*, and the Baltimore *Sun*. The *Herald Tribune* asked Vice-President Curtis if it was true that he was in love with a girl, as Winchell had hinted in his column during that official's incumbency, and solemnly printed his assertion that he was not. Recently the *Times* ran a story saying that they had it from friends of James Roosevelt that he was going to be divorced from his wife. This turned out to be true. True or not, the *Graphic*, in its first year, would have considered this news not fit to print. The marital relations and intentions of individuals, whatever their prominence, were not deemed to be a matter for journalistic attention until legal action had been instituted, a statement had been issued by the person concerned, or the police had been called in. Even the Hearst newspapers adhered to these standards of journalism before 1925. The *Evening Graphic* bred a form of journalism even lower than had been conceived of by its own editors, which was a neat trick.

GOSSIP WRITING is at present like a spirochete in the body of journalism. Its symptoms are not always clear-



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ly apparent. Without making its presence known to those who have been infected by it, it has influenced the attitude of journalists everywhere toward their responsibilities as journalists. It can contaminate in subtle ways the work of honest writers who would confess that they still have the old-fashioned notion that the written word should be used to elevate the public taste rather than to pander to human weakness. Its influence is present in every newspaper every day and in every periodical. If the effect of gossip writing has been a journalistic advance in so far as it has made newspapers more entertaining, it has resulted in a lowering of the standards of journalism which permitted a *Graphic* but barred a Winchell until Winchell forced gossip into the *Graphic*. Conscious and unconscious acts of journalistic intrusion into private affairs which the *Graphic* itself in its first year would not have executed are recognizable in news stories today which the most conservative and high-minded newspapers print without qualms.

Both good and bad journalism have suffered a visible if not a practical injury as a result of this lowering of journalistic standards. Newspapers have bigger circulations than they have ever had before, and they have never been held in less esteem by their readers or exercised less influence on the political and ethical thought of the times. There is not a truly distinguished newspaper editor in the country today. The editors of the greatest newspapers are anonymous; nobody knows who they are and nobody seems to care. Editorials in the newspapers have begun to lose their force. No matter how well written and thoughtful they are, nobody seems to pay much attention to them. The only influential writers on newspapers today are commentators like Dorothy Thompson, Walter Lippmann, Westbrook Pegler, Hugh Johnson, and a few others whose personalities are not identified by their readers with the personality of the newspapers in which their opinions are expressed.

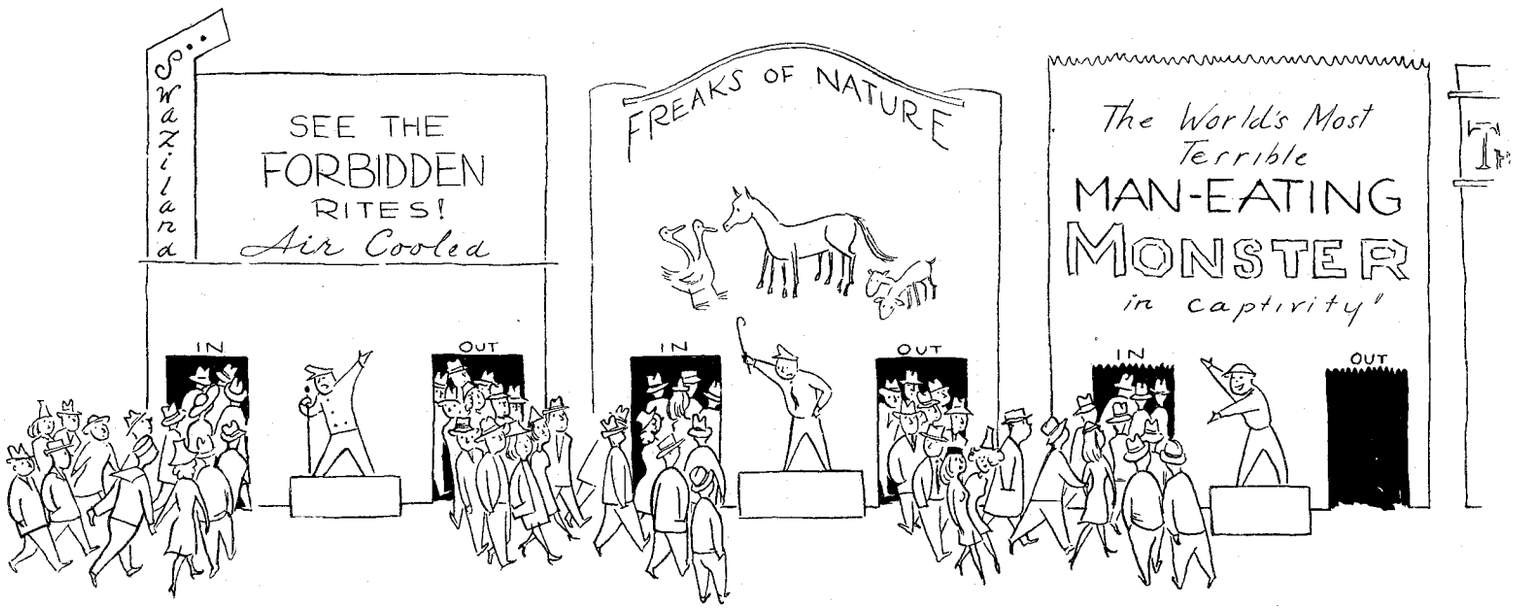
"The people," as the late Ed Howe once wrote, "are smart." They will read on the news pages of a newspaper anything that is put there. As human beings, they are often more titillated than made indignant by the modern intrusiveness of journalism, an intrusiveness often ungoverned by taste or accuracy, because gossip writing, which by its definition has neither quality, is at the bottom of it. But the people cannot be hoodwinked into thinking that men who tell them spicy tales are men of any consequence intellectually or ethically. The people see no sense in paying any attention to an editorial in a newspaper if the editorial reads as if the writer of it is posing as a leader of thought or an arbiter of manners when, as editor of the paper, he has just finished telling them a scandalous piece of gossip in the guise of a news story, or has just recommended to them as one of the features of his paper a column by Winchell or some other gossip writer.

The magazine *Time*, which is a weekly newspaper, has been influenced by gossip to a degree which has cost it the respect of many of its readers. It has had the intelligence to refrain from having any editorial page at all. In a prospectus for *Life*, the sister publication of *Time*, circulated before the new magazine was put on the newsstands, it was stated that *Life* would expose "the loves, scandals, and personal affairs of the plain and fancy citizen . . . and write around them a light, good-tempered 'colyumist' review of these once-private lives." After the first few issues, however, the editors of *Life* reconsidered this policy, and the magazine today is less intrusive than *Time*. It doesn't print much gossip. It prints articles of information and opinion along with news photographs, and an editorial page is being considered as a new feature.

THE most enthusiastic biographical sketch of Winchell was written by one Charles W. Wilcox and published in *Scribner's* in 1931. Winchell admired this piece so much that he had it reprinted at his own expense for private distribution. It was a gurgling paean. "He knows his stuff is good," wrote Mr. Wilcox, "and damme it *is* good. . . . Everybody likes gossip. There is in all of us that ingrained hypocrisy which makes us affect to despise the quidnunc, while we break our necks to hear what he has to say, and run our legs off to repeat it—and with what gusto! Scandalmongers—aren't we all?"

This writer, among all Winchell's analysts, mentions the word which defines Winchell. The word is "gossip." It defines both what he is and what he does.

The noun "gossip" meant originally a sponsor in baptism. This early religious connotation, according to Webster, was soon obscured because people who were the sponsors in baptism had usually also been present at the lying-in. People present at the lying-in were apt to leave this private sanctum as soon as the baby was born and go around town telling the details—not necessarily malicious but at



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"I'll never forget one day last July—it started right off."

• •

least titillating, because they were private. Thus the present meaning of the word developed. Because neither midwives nor godmothers are equipped to practice journalism efficiently, a connotation of carelessness and irresponsibility became attached to the word. The noun now means "one who runs from house to house or goes about tattling and telling news; an idle tattler; a newsmonger." The verb is "to act as a familiar friend or companion" and thus "to run about and tattle; to tell idle, especially personal, tales; to write in a light, familiar way."

Winchell introduced to New York journalism fifteen years ago the same sort of personal item which is the cornerstone of country journalism and has been since the birth of newspapers—with the difference that Winchell was governed neither by taste nor a sincere respect for accuracy. If a personal item in a country newspaper says that Elmer Higgins is getting his roof painted, the item is written with taste and a sincere respect for accuracy. It doesn't go on to tell what is happening, or what people *say* is happening, in the rooms under Mr. Higgins's roof. This is not gossip writing because gossip by definition is irresponsible and intrusive. Winchell wrote personal items which were gossip. He first began to gossip in the *Graphic* about what was going on around him. What was going on around him was the boom, with the effects of prohibition thrown in. There was a spirit of lawlessness, of revolt from both unreasonable reform and from Victorian convention, reasonable or unreasonable; there was the hysteria of elation which precedes a depression, and a tolerance everywhere which amounted to abnegation. He was encouraged in his work by many of the leading journalists and literary figures of the period, by at least one book publisher, by professional men, by politicians, by numberless members of New York society, and by the gangsters who ruled the night life of the town. Almost any man would have been tempted to go on writing gossip on an even larger scale, no matter what his equipment for the task happened to be. Winchell's equipment happened to be an inordinate yearning for public recognition and for riches, a staunch disregard for the feelings of others, a lack of the instinct for privacy in his own life, a highly developed opportunism, an ability to get along without friends, a shrewd intelligence, a facile literary style of some merit, and a physical and nervous energy which is maniacal.

Intrusiveness is the nature of journalism; it is its sharpest and most necessary instrument and it is also its most agonizing responsibility for journalists who choose to accept any responsibility at all. Intrusiveness is journalism's power and its curse. Only taste and a sincere respect for accuracy can govern the power and remove the curse. Journalism is as complicated and as difficult as that. Winchell has no taste and he has no sincere respect for accuracy. If he had, he could not write gossip.

Without taste and a sincere respect for accuracy, journalism is a menace, but a menace mostly to itself, for without these governing qualities it tends to lose its power. It ceases to exert any appreciable influence on the intellectual and ethical standards of the people. The influence of the press as a whole depends to a large degree on how much it is admired and respected as an institution. A publication like *Captain Billy's Whiz Bang* may achieve immense popularity, but it does not have any more influence than a burlesque show. The people remain smart, come what may. Outside the field of journalism, the only individuals who appear to have suffered from Winchell's gossip or whose self-respect and sense of decency have been debauched by their attitude of abnegation toward Winchell are the persons whose names appear in his column. Everybody else in the country seems to be about the same, or perhaps a little more advanced intellectually and ethically than they were when the *Evening Graphic* was founded in the dark age of 1924.—St. Clair McKelway

(This is the last of a series of articles on Mr. Winchell.)

•

SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT

[*A.P. dispatch in a Chicago paper.*]

The duke and duchess visited the former royal palace today where the duke, as prince of wales, once was the guest of King Alfonso.

"It's a wonderful experience for the duke to visit Spain again as he can once more practice his Spanish," observed the duchess.

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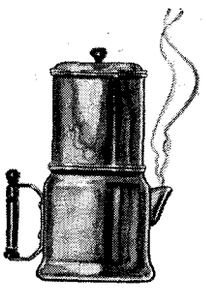
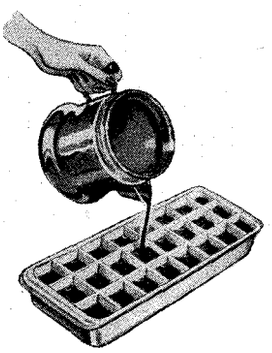
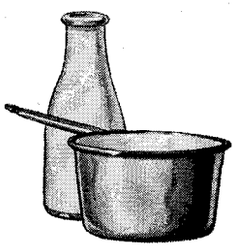
RECIPE *for making coffee in your icebox!*



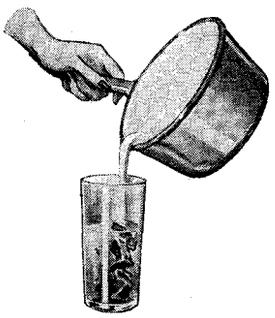
1. Make Sanka Coffee by your usual method,* but make it *double strength.* Use *two* heaping tablespoons of Sanka Coffee to each cup (½ pint) of water.



2. Pour your freshly made Sanka Coffee into an ice-cube tray. Cool. Set in refrigerator to freeze. A tray of these coffee cubes can be kept on hand, ready for instant use.



3. Now . . . when iced coffee is wanted, simply heat milk . . . not cream. Do not bring milk to a boil.



4. Fill a glass with the frozen coffee cubes. Then fill with warm milk. Instantly, you have delicious, refreshing iced coffee . . . of a consistency similar to iced coffee served with expensive cream.

WHY IT IS IMPORTANT TO USE SANKA COFFEE

5. People who don't drink hot coffee, because the caffein keeps them awake, should shy away from iced coffee, too. For there is *more caffein* in *iced* coffee than in hot coffee! Iced coffee is made stronger ...and a tall glass holds more coffee than a cup!

So make *your* iced coffee with Sanka Coffee. It's 97% caffein-free, and *can't* keep you awake. It's *real* coffee . . . *all* coffee...and is delicious iced. Best of all . . . *you drink it and sleep!*

The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee is forbidden."

**Sanka Coffee comes in "regular," as well as the new "drip" grind.*

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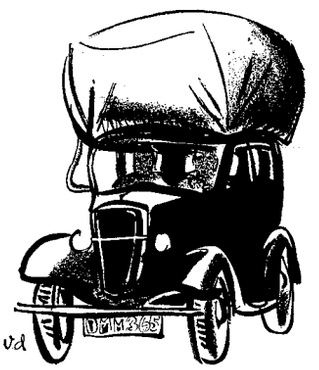
LETTER FROM LONDON

JULY 14 (BY CABLE)

NOW that the divorce between England and Pétain's France seems tragically final, there are all the unpleasant sequels that ordinarily turn up in such a situation: the recriminations, the comments of outsiders who saw it coming, and the danger of forgetting old loyalties and affections in the heat of argument. It's a saddening period of readjustment, with inevitable bitterness on both sides. The break was almost a certainty even before the naval action at Oran. Since then, the shape and color of the new French constitution have emerged more clearly from the meeting of the National Assembly at Vichy, a town which, the London *Times* acidly remarked, was an appropriate seat for the Pétain government, being a favorite resort of valetudinarians. It's a bewildering period for most people, too. French politics have never been very comprehensively reported in this country, and what the average simple Englishman believes about the character of the average simple Frenchman has only made the recent events more difficult to understand. On Sunday evenings the B.B.C. always plays the national anthems of the Allies before the nine-o'clock news broadcast. Last Sunday there was speculation as to whether the "Marseillaise" would be cut out, but it was played as usual, presumably in honor of General de Gaulle and his French Volunteer Legion, whose headquarters are now at Olympia, normally associated in Londoners' minds with Christmas circuses and Ideal Home exhibitions.



THIS week more British refugees from France arrived, including a number of elderly and delicate people who had made their homes on the Riviera for many years and had been forced to escape, under conditions of acute horror, on colliers which took anything up to three weeks for the journey from Cannes to England. Every day the "Information Wanted" column of the *Times* is packed with items inserted by anxious friends and relatives asking for news of Britons "last seen in Paris June 10th" or "last heard of in Beaulieu May 30th." The fate of those who didn't run in time remains problematical.

Perhaps in a reaction to so much tragedy, London in the past few days has seemed more cheerful and crowded than it has for some time past. The population has been increased by Australian and New Zealand soldiers, looking at the sights, and by hotel and other business people who have had to give up their establishments in the rapidly emptying seaside districts. The summer sales brought women up from the country determined to get the last lot of bargains at prewar prices, even if it meant getting sirens, too. Acquaintances one meets in the street say jokingly that they've come to town for a good night's sleep, since London at the moment is quieter than many a village which hears the Heinkels nightly.

THE general atmosphere of the city is tense but by no means unhopeful, and the only really despondent people are parents who had wanted to get their children off to safety overseas —under the government scheme, now abandoned—before anything appalling should happen. Quite enough has happened already to make it obvious that even in the so-called safe areas there's no guarantee that terror won't drop in one dark night when accurate bombing is difficult. Although a shortage of convoy ships is responsible for the scheme's breakdown, there were other snarls, such as immigration-quota restrictions and the criticism that preference had been given to children of the well-to-do, a charge which was vigorously denied by Mr. Justin Weddell, chairman of the American Committee here.

The response to the plan from parents of all classes had been enormous, to the surprise of those who a while back had come up against the resistance of London mothers to the notion of evacuating their children even to the distance of a two-hour railway journey. Certain folk, however, took the Spartan view that to send adolescent children out of the country at this critical juncture would be to implant in them the dangerous seeds of easy escapism. There was an immense amount of correspondence in the press. One boy of eleven wrote a letter declaring stoutly, "I would rather be bombed to fragments than leave England." A gentleman at Chester College implored parents not to be deterred by pictures of Amer-

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ican family life as presented by Hollywood. "It is little realized in England," he wrote, "that the outlook of provincial American homes such as are likely to receive children is at bottom slightly more rigid and Victorian, if anything, than that of the corresponding homes in England."

Unmoved by Spartan theories or thoughts of Hollywood, seven thousand parents a day went right ahead with their applications, acting on the simple idea that it would be best to get their most precious possessions out of the way before all hell broke loose. The big Berkeley Street office of Thomas Cook's suddenly became one of the busiest places in London, with clerks working overtime to answer the queries of mothers and fathers who waited patiently in a queue which sometimes stretched into the street. Now that the scheme has been withdrawn, with a statement that the future dispatch of children must be at the parents' own risk, a cruel dilemma is presented to those who remember with equal clarity the shambles of French homes and the sinking of the Arandora Star. The one hope these worried people hang onto is that the overwhelmingly generous offers of hospitality from America may be followed up by the sending of American ships to fetch the children. Britons still have an immense faith in America and the workings of her national conscience, but they hope that any such gestures will not be delayed much longer. Over here one gets a new conception of time. It doesn't march on; it hurtles, like a dive bomber.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

NON-STOP SENTENCE DERBY

[*From "Encyclopedia of the Theatre," by George Jean Nathan*]

Liberally and wisely deleted of its verbose philosophical disquisitions and converted by Behrman into livelier theatrical material through a shrewd suppression of its original bookish flavor, its retelling of the familiar legend in terms of Sacha Guitry crossed with a little Shaw was to be recommended to all such theatregoers, Guild and otherwise, as were beginning to become discouraged over the thought that the season would be devoted largely to proving that wit and humor were lost attributes of the drama and to substituting in place of them the species of dead-pan greasepaint literature which distils the emotions of the witless and humorless with flashbacks showing gray-wigged and dejected old folk in their happy, picnicking youth and with close-ups and long-shots of disconsolate intellectuals searching for their souls and for the meaning of life in the bodies of cuties.

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it's won the whole wide world's acclaim for almost a hundred years!
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The INTERNATIONAL GIN distilled by GILBEY in the United States as well as in England, Australia, and Canada . . .
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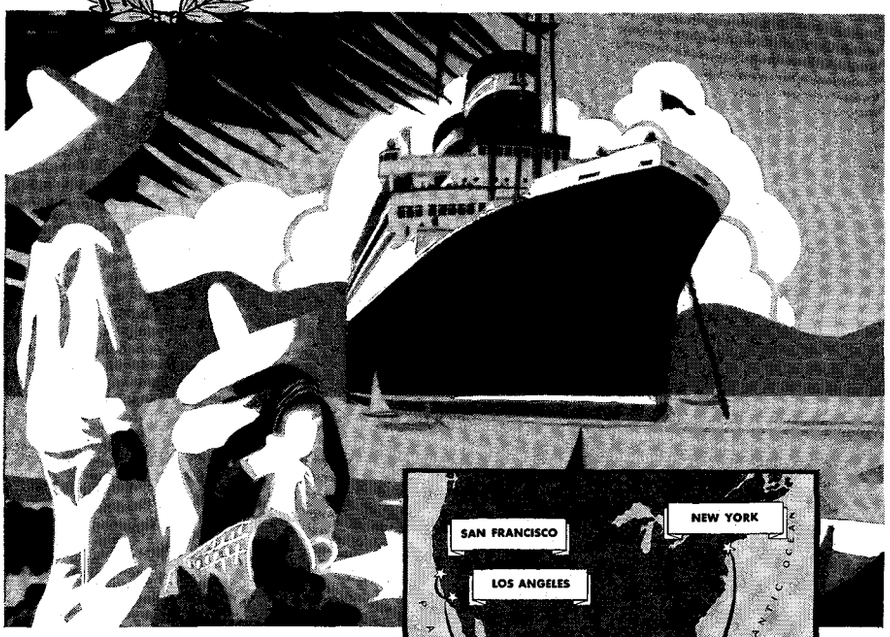

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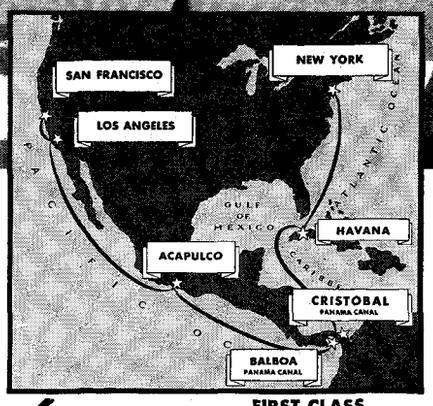

S.S. Washington

from NEW YORK, July 26th, Aug. 30th
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ONE WAY BY SEA
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(Rates slightly higher by air)

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OF ALL THINGS

CONGRESS seems willing to vote all the defence money that the Army and Navy can think up. Washington believes in the theory that an appropriation a day keeps the dictator away.

•

It is obvious that unpreparedness is keeping us out of Europe now, as it did in 1915. We stick to the short-of-war policy because we are short of war materials.

•

The popular Joe Martin has been made chairman of the G.O.P. National Committee, but John Hamilton will be retained in the organization. We assume that John will be given the job he knows so well—carrying Maine and Vermont.

•

As this department feared, the fight against subversive influences has become hysterical. An ugly story is going around that every fifth columnist is to be shot.

•

The two Parties will find their styles cramped by the Hatch Act limit of $3,000,000 on campaign funds. The boys hate to be forced to play cheap politics.

•

With many misgivings, the Senate has approved that big midseason trade between the two leading contenders. Stimson and Knox for Willkie, and no cash involved.

•

A Red Cross official reports that thirty-five million Europeans are facing semi-starvation. Light eating follows the swastika; Hitlerism means slenderism.

•

The Fourteenth of July was a pretty grim holiday in France. The Nazis told Paree to be gay, but they could not think up any good reasons.

•

If Wendell Willkie is wise, he will not pledge himself to keep America out of war. Old-timers might remember what happened the last time we were promised that by a W. W.

•

The Nazis do not admit that they are embarrassed by the Soviet advance into the Balkans. Their story is "We planned it that way."

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

FIESTA IN LISBON

WITH the breakdown of the French Army and its capitulation to Germany, a whole civilization came crashing to the ground and civilians representing half a continent took to flight in a final scramble to get out of Hitler's reach. As the German mechanized forces had pushed ahead from Narvik to Nantes and army after army had retreated and crumpled, a swelling stream of civilians had retreated too. Step by step, and only one jump ahead of the German forces, they had fallen back, hoping always that a counteroffensive would bring an end to their misery, or at least give them time to pause in their flight. Always their hope had been destroyed, and finally the French themselves had given up the struggle. Lisbon became the new and magic goal of the growing thousands of refugees. There, if they were lucky, they would be able to begin the last lap in their long escape.

Who were the people taking part in this vast exodus from France, the people who had reasons to fear Hitler? There were the Jews; there were those on Hitler's political black list; there were all the various refugees from Germany, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, and Belgium who had found sanctuary in France; there were the French upper classes, unwilling to be mulcted of their possessions; and naturally there were most of the American residents. There were also a number of American newspapermen who were eager to get away either for personal reasons or because they had heard that foreign correspondents in Belgium and other occupied territories were being interned. There were the refugees de luxe—the diplomats of all the Allied nations; bankers and industrialists of international importance; members of the Czech, Belgian, and Polish governments which had been set up under the French Republic; Hollanders, Finns, and even Chinese who had played significant rôles in contemporary history; distinguished writers of every nationality; Frenchwomen who were famous for the magnificence of their jewels. All of them were headed for Lisbon, the port of good hope, from which they could escape from the Germans by Clipper, or ocean liner, or freighter, or tramp ship—anything that would take them away from a Europe that was rapidly becoming a prison.

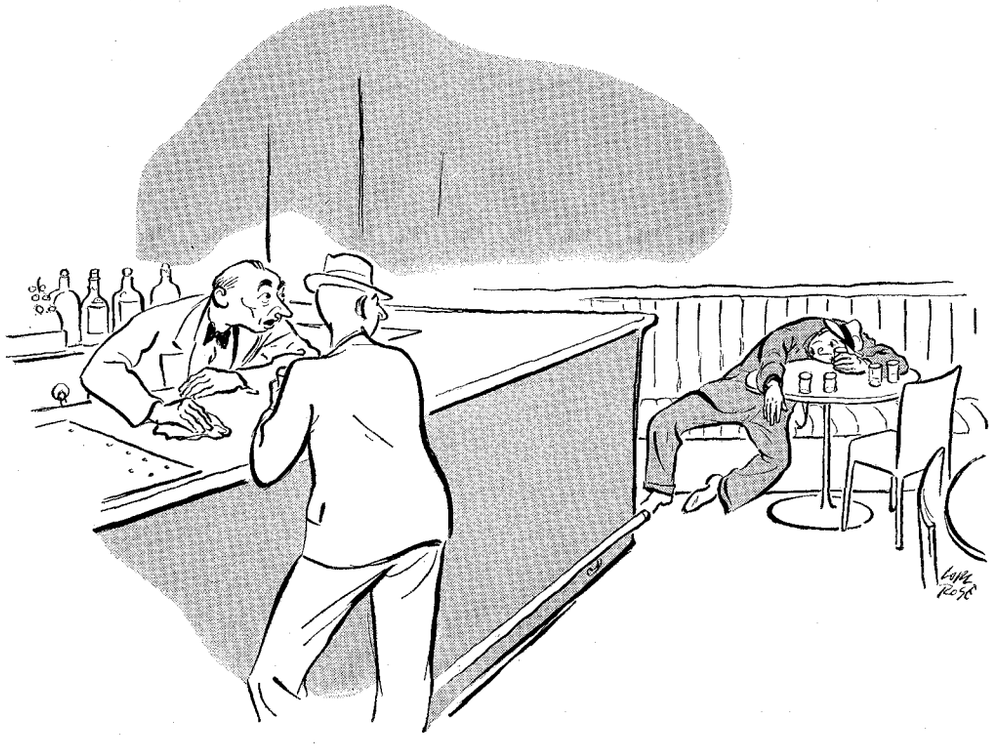
EVER since Hitler had come to power I had been giving whatever help I could to refugees, most of them obscure writers and politicals driven from their homes by Nazi aggression. Now I was a refugee myself. Everything I owned was gone, except a few small things thrown into the back of a Ford car.

In Paris, back in May, when it looked as though the government might have to abandon the city (temporarily, of course!) my husband—Edgar Ansel Mowrer—and I decided to take a few valuables to a friend's villa at Chenu, near Tours. Driving down, I passed many Belgian, Dutch, and French peasants fleeing from the north. "Poor things," I thought, watching their fear-marked, weary faces, "how dreadful to be forced to leave one's home and all one has behind!" It didn't occur to me that I might ever be a refugee. And after leaving my belongings at Chenu, I returned to Paris.

Then things began to get worse. The break-through in the north was bad enough. When the Battle of France followed the Battle of Flanders and the Germans moved steadily toward Paris, it was clear that no miracle was going to reverse the situation. The Germans crossed the Somme; they crossed the Aisne, near Compiègne. Early one morning, they crossed the Seine near Rouen. Precipitately and in secrecy the French government left for Tours. Late that afternoon I was warned by friends to clear out. Still I didn't think that I was leaving not only Paris but France itself, perhaps forever.

At eight in the evening I drove out of the Porte de Châtillon. I followed a route along third-class roads, to avoid the heavy stream of traffic going through Chartres, and for an hour on that lovely summer night I had the tranquil lanes to myself. After that, I was surprised to find myself meeting the French motorized troops which were going up to reinforce the Seine line and were advancing along the very road I had chosen. My military pass was in order, or I should never have been allowed to proceed. Nevertheless, I was worried. I wasn't disturbed by the fixed bayonets of the soldiers demanding my identification papers or by the problem of driving on a narrow, winding road without headlights. I was used to that. What really disquieted me was that I kept encountering isolated French soldiers who were trying to hitchhike their way south.

Shortly before midnight I decided to rest, and talked my way into a small, overcrowded inn, where the proprietress was at first suspicious of my foreign accent. After I had reassured her, she talked unguardedly. "What a war!" she said. "*Punaises*! But we'll get them yet! All the same, it's a fine game the politicians are up to. Every time anything goes wrong, there's a new bunch in power, and then they begin the same tricks again. We are being betrayed all right!" "*Nous sommes trahis*!" It was



"Works for PM. They left his initials off his paragraph."

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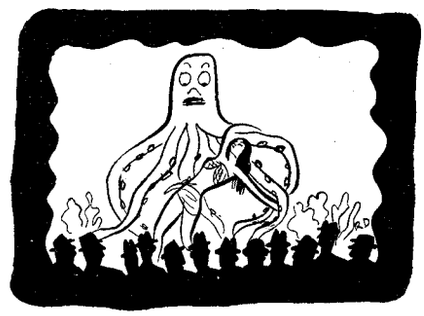
the phrase I heard again and again through the countryside.

My next stop was at Mondoubleau, where I had battery trouble. It was practically impossible to have repairs made in any garage because of the large number of refugee cars which had broken down everywhere. Mondoubleau was full of refugees. The inhabitants stood at the doors of their houses and watched the procession go past as though it were a strange circus. The refugees, exhausted by the heat and their long trips, some of them almost stifled by the piles of possessions they carried, told dreadful tales of bombings in their villages. The few hotels in Mondoubleau were packed; people slept on straw in barns; they sprawled in their cars or spread mattresses on the sidewalk and tried to get a little rest. The Mayor helped me find a room in a private house. Strangely, I still did not think of myself as a refugee. I thought merely that I was going to spend a few days with friends at Chenu, then join my husband, who was following the government to Tours.



AT Chenu, the villagers were getting very depressed by the approach of the Germans. "Better a bad peace than a bad war," they were saying. Three days later, at about nine in the evening, I received a telephone call from a colleague of my husband's in Tours. "You must come here at once," I was told. "Don't wait. And get across the bridge before ten!"

My friends decided to leave with me. We knew that a German tank division had broken through at Alençon and was on the loose. If the French were going to defend Tours, they would have to blow up the bridges over the Loire, and Chenu lay on the north side of the river.

We crammed as much as we could into four cars, woke and dressed the household children, and at about twenty minutes past nine drove off into a wild, wet night. There were terrific thunderclaps, which sounded like exploding bombs. Tours was only twenty-five miles away, but the roads were crowded with cars and barricaded at many points, where identification papers were carefully examined. In one village we had a flat and had to change the tire by flashlight—a nerve-racking job. Would we ever get over the bridge in time? The villagers helped us fix the tire, screening the light and holding umbrellas over us. They must have realized that the sudden rush of cars meant the Germans were very near, but they asked no questions and showed little fear.

We crossed the bridge at one minute past ten and reached a friend's house on the other side an hour later. Premier Reynaud had just broadcast that after President Roosevelt's unsatisfactory answer further French resistance was unlikely. Even if we had had beds, I do not think we would have slept much that night. We had not imagined that things could be so bad.

TOURS, next day, was chaotic. Part of the government had already left for Bordeaux; by this time its movements had assumed the character of flight. Journalists from all over Europe were trying to find out exactly what had happened, but it was impossible to get any accurate news, so they turned their attention to the equally difficult job of getting gas so that they could follow the government. We managed to find gas.

When we reached Bordeaux, disaster was already in the air. Bordeaux was like a besieged city. With a normal population of 250,000 inhabitants, it had suddenly absorbed a million. The streets teemed with people; they filled the great squares, cafés overflowed, and waiters gave up attempting to fill orders. Government officials were trying to find their new offices; broadcasting and telegraph agencies were trying to establish transmission; everyone was more or less thinking of trying to find a place to spend the night—the back of a car, a park bench, or an armchair in a hotel lobby would be a luxury. There was no place to work, no place to wait.

While the French Supreme Council was deliberating the fate of the nation, the people told each day that "our troops are resisting manfully," milled around in the streets, understanding little of what was going on, and not appearing to care. The war itself seemed far away in this handsome southern city. The place was ablaze with lights at night; there were no food restrictions. An atmosphere of disintegration was distinctly recognizable. You could almost feel France going to pieces. Snatches of conversation on the boulevards and in the cafés and parks revealed something of the popular mood. "In a war there are neither victors nor vanquished," people said repeatedly. Also, "Subjugation doesn't last forever, but when you're dead you're dead." "This is a politicians' war. What we need is someone to tell *us* what to do. Now, this fellow Hitler . . ." "We've fought them for three generations. Let's try making an alliance with them."

At a gathering in the house of a Quai d'Orsay official there was so much defeatist talk that one Polish woman, unable to restrain her feelings, said excitedly that it seemed to her she was listening to the Fifth Column itself.

"But, dear Madame," cooed one of the guests, "don't you realize that there is a little bit of Fifth Column in every one of us?"

Restaurants were so crowded that long queues formed. Bordeaux is a great gastronomic centre. Dishes *à la bordelaise* are renowned. Newcomers to town wished to profit by the occasion. Officers in every conceivable uniform and distinguished members of the Cabinet with their wives or friends jostled each other in an attempt to get served. At the Chapon Fin, most famous of the restaurants, only guests who had reserved tables long in advance were able to achieve the bliss of a meal there. As late as June 21st, a cartoon in *Le Petit Parisien*, published in Bordeaux, depicted the main preoccupation of the moment: a line of disgruntled would-be diners waiting their turn to be fed. There was something almost shocking in this exaggerated interest in eating. We had seen one of the great military collapses of history; we felt we were witnessing the passing of a great civilized people. How did a nation die? France was going down with a napkin under its chin and the finest food and wine in the world for consolation.

AS further Council deliberations were held, the rhythm of the city became even more hectic. Touring cars with luggage piled high began making a noisy exit; public autobuses leaving for the country were beset by frantic passengers. Wholesale apprehension showed itself in the growing suspicion with which all foreigners were regarded. In a single night as many as two hundred innocent visitors were hauled before the police and denounced by hysterical citizens convinced they were unmasking parachutists or Fifth Columnists. Consulates were overwhelmed by visitors demanding admittance and asserting their right to a foreign visa. The United States Ambassador to Po-

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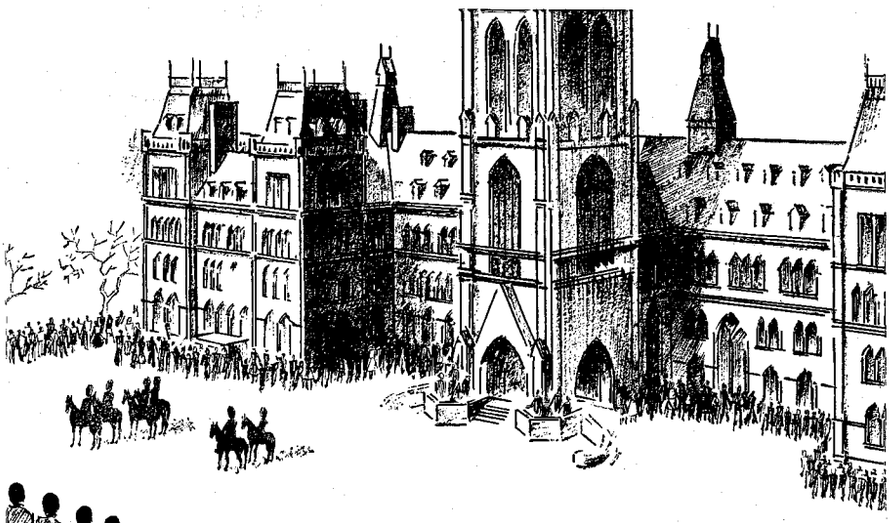
land, Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., and some of his staff from Angers arrived to help in the American Consulate General, where the biggest crowds of all collected. You saw odd sights and familiar faces in the antechambers. People played their highest cards for this most coveted of visas.

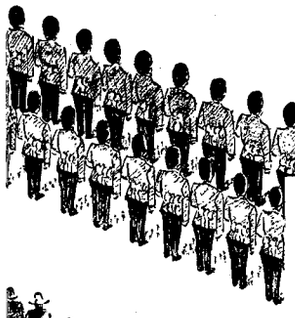
A little Frenchwoman sat trembling in a corner, and at her side was a French admiral, waiting to plead her cause. There was Stefan Osusky, who used to be Czech Minister in Paris; he, I thought, would feel at home in America, for he had studied law there. There was R. N. Coudenhove-Kalergi, head of the Pan-European movement; he must have dropped his European projects, for he was trying to get a visa, too. A man who had been an agent for Franco in France during the Spanish war came with two admirals to support him; he really couldn't be so fond of the Germans because even he was running away from them to America. There was André Meyer; he financed the very men who capitulated in France; he put Baudouin into power; now he wanted an American visa. So it went all day long and every day.

But if the American visa was the best guarantee of safety, the Portuguese was almost as eagerly sought after. The crowds that waited at the Portuguese Consulate stretched far into the street. The door opened every half-hour or so to admit a single applicant, while the rest stormed impatiently at the delay. The Spanish Consulate was busy, too. There I ran into Archduke Otto of Hapsburg. The last time I had seen him was at a tea party in Chicago. "Going back to America?" I asked. He nodded ruefully. But even archdukes had to wait for visas.

THE end was coming very quickly in Bordeaux, and the people could hardly conceal their impatience for the announcement of the armistice. Still with my friends from Chenu, I left one afternoon and drove to Biarritz, where we dropped in at the villa of a Polish Minister Plenipotentiary, whose wife is a Rothschild. They, like the majority of the French population, were completely ignorant of the fact that the Army had been beaten and was ready to make peace. Our entrance with the news from Bordeaux dazed them. They packed up and, along with their three tiny children, left with us next morning. "I hate running away," the wife sighed, "but one can't stay in France with Mr. Hitler."

Hendaye—the French frontier. An





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You'll see untamed new country such as this country once was; continental cities, old when the thirteen colonies were new; picture book towns and fishing villages fresh out of Brittany; modernity mingling with ancient modes of life. You'll meet 100% Americans who toast the King, and *habitants* who hardly *parlez Anglais*. You can rough it in the wilds, revel in luxurious hotels and resorts; travel with pack and paddle, or ride your tires the whole way; sea voyage on the St. Lawrence, golf, ride, fish, sail; go on a Boy Scout budget, or *de-luxe* on a big bankroll. *And your U. S. dollar is worth about one-fifth more this year!*

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officer of the *gendarmerie* looked at our passports, which bore exit permits from the Quai d'Orsay. All except mine were diplomatic, so there were no formalities, but as the officer handed them back there were tears in his eyes. "You are leaving France forever?" he said. "And what happens to you?" we asked. "God only knows," he answered, shaking hands with us and turning away.

We crossed the famous international bridge, where stony-faced Spanish military police awaited. Only two years ago, Spanish Republicans had lost their lives trying to cross this bridge and to swim this river—the bloody Bidassoa, it was called. The Spanish Republicans had been seeking safety in democratic France. Now the French, along with the rest of us, were fleeing into Spain, and not without certain misgivings, because there were rumors that the Gestapo had begun to control the Spanish frontier.

Actually that didn't happen until a few days later, when refugees were to swamp the customs authorities and five solid miles of cars were to wait before the bridge. During one of the worst summer storms of a century, men and women were to sit dejectedly on their luggage, waiting their turn to go through the customs; waiting for the Spanish authorities to finish their midday siesta; waiting, some of them, forty-eight hours. Not long after we crossed the border, the Spaniards stopped recognizing Portuguese visas granted in Bordeaux, and no one could enter Spain without a visa. Thousands of people begged to be let in and some offered huge sums for the precious visas that would open the road to Lisbon. American Embassy officials finally collected all the American passports and had them visaed en masse at Bayonne, but American diplomats could not help the French and the others.

OUR pilgrimage continued over the hills of Spain, through villages so empty and poverty-stricken that flamboyant Madrid, when we got there, seemed incongruous and unreal. We stayed overnight in the Polish Legation, but pushed on the next day, for no one knew how soon Spain would drop the mask of neutrality or how quickly Portugal's independence would be threatened. It was this fear which kept us swiftly on the move.

We could not stop to rest. We sped past the grim Spanish landscape and finally into Portugal and over the winding Portuguese roads, through the giant

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cork forests, till the seven hills of Lisbon rose into view.

Lisbon, when we arrived, was full of an unexpected gaiety. Flags were flying everywhere and there was music in the streets. At the moment of the French defeat Lisbon was opening its great World Exposition, celebrating the eight-hundredth anniversary of Portuguese independence. The Duke of Kent and many other European notables were present for the festivities. It was a stunning touch of irony in a nightmare world that at the very moment that the French Empire vanished and the British Empire hung in the balance, Portugal, the oldest of European empires, was blandly inaugurating a pageant honoring its overseas possessions and recalling the glories of its colonizing days. "In France," a hotel porter said to me, "always war. In Portugal, always fiesta."

Certainly there was a lot of fiesta when the refugees reached Lisbon. From sundown to dawn brass bands paraded the narrow streets, youths wearing flowing capes and carrying banners shouted and sang, there were fireworks, and drivers of automobiles rapturously tooted their horns. By day there were more brass bands, accompanied by glittering troops and noisy, good-tempered crowds of people who laughed lazily at the policemen's attempts to keep order.

Lisbon officials promptly made it clear to all refugees that they were intruders and told them they would not be permitted to stay around very long. The refugees showed no inclination to stay any longer than necessary.

—Lilian Mowrer

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Referring to the child-bearing of her sister, Mrs. Harker said:

"It was her only weakness."—*Indianapolis News.*

Practically a paragon.

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Several changes are being made in the interior of the amusement feature formerly known as Death Valley and the name will be changed to Laugh Land.—*Hotel Hershey High-Lights.*

Better make it Hysterical Laugh Land.

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ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Retail Bookseller*]

"Who Tells Me True," by Michael Strange. Scribner, $3.75. The reminiscences of a woman poet, actress, playwright, lecturer, and John Barrymore's second wife.

CANDY CANE
MAKE-UP
CANDY CANE
It's a young, gay-as-a-circus color...a clean, bright pinkish red. Definitely the color for summer accents.
Candy Cane Lipstick in a red and white striped case, $1.50. Candy Cane Cream Rouge, $1.25, $2; Candy Cane Nail Polish, $1; Candy Cane Color Harmony Box: Lipstick, Nail Polish, Rouge, $3.75. Summer Sun, wonderful new powder shade in Illusion Powder, $1.75, $3; Cameo Powder, $2, $3. Gala red and white striped compact, $5. Fitted Bag, Candy Cane Striped $16.50
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

IN this most distressing of all summers, Lord & Taylor have provided at least a momentary distraction with what they insist on calling a "story in brown," up on the third floor. There I found a group of rayon-crêpe street dresses (from $30 to $40) in mulberry brown—a live, rich shade. These dresses have a hint of fall in that they forecast the coming silhouette, which is to be slim and straight, like a pencil, from neck to hemline.

Lord & Taylor felt that it would be too bad to plunge us wham, all unsuspecting, into tight, constricting skirts, and so have softened the blow with fan pleats, which allow freedom of movement without disturbing the pencil silhouette. Some of the dresses have these pleats in the front of the skirt and some in back. Most of them have a small, high, round neck which starts the slim idea that is carried out all the way down to the straight lines of the skirt. However, if you don't want to conform all at once and don't like round necks anyhow, you may have a square neck and a little blousing over the tight belt. Some models have a slight draping over the hips, to soften that new line. In these, the draping is repeated in the three-quarter-length sleeves. A $39.95 bengaline suit with a five-button jacket has a wrap-around skirt, very svelte yet comfortable for stepping along, wherever you're going.

Lord & Taylor are introducing felt hats in the new vanilla beige, to wear with mulberry browns. Some forward-looking people claim that we are to wear our hair *à la Pompadour*, and these hats are designed to aid and abet our profiles with hair in case we do. If you like the idea of felt stitched all over to give a quilted look, you will love a stunning hat that has a big brim overhanging, but not quite touching, your shoulders in back and flaring up in front to allow your pompadour room to grow. A completely different one is a kind of pillbox that, instead of sitting low over one eye, starts behind the pompadour and is then shaped to fit the back of the head. It's trimmed with brown ribbon and a veil. Hats are around $15.

If you decide that you are somewhat weary of the stereotyped bright-colored play clothes you started the summer with, you can go off at a new tangent—a brown tangent—with some from the collection of Brigance play clothes to be found in the sports department on the fifth floor at Lord & Taylor. It's amazing how that man Brigance has concentrated on one color. You have, first, a one-piece brown piqué shorts suit, very fitted at the waist, so that you actually have plenty of shape, and your tan face and arms are set off by white collar and cuffs. Over this, when you go to the station, or to the market, you slip on a tight-waisted, full skirt of street length with a very, very wide white band at the bottom. The skirt itself is brown, of course. All this, and quite a little bit of heaven, for $22.95. The Brigance sharkskin knee-length play dress is a honey, with its halter neck and a close-fitting effect about the middle. With this, you wear sharkskin bloomers. Then, if you are interested in bathing suits, the one-piece brown piqué Elsie Dinsmore is just what you've wanted without knowing it. Don't let those white piqué ruffles, which run horizontally around both bodice and skirt, fool you; when Brigance got through with Elsie, her papa didn't know her. It's $12.95.

BEST, never a laggard at any time, has jumped fast into the midsummer breach with adaptations of the new straight, slim silhouette and offers a collection of midsummer blacks. No matter how much you have liked your clothes so far, they will pall and have a last-spring look beside the $35 black rayon suit here. Its one-piece dress has a small, round neck that goes well with the skirt, very slim in effect and pleated all round. The straight, hip-length jacket has buttoned-in velvet pockets and three velvet buttons.

In the black rayon chiffons, sheers, and crêpes, Best has used clever draping over the hips, and there is gathered fullness in the skirt and in the blouse. Some of these dresses (from $25 to $35) have bows at the back of the waist, since Best feels that one or two fripperies will be all to the good.

Best has late-summer hats for you in its pastel felts in dressy, instead of

"I think I'll order some baby's breath to put against the incinerator."

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casual, designs. They come in the softest possible shades—dusty pinks and off-yellows. These hats are small and sit forward over the face, usually with a band across the back of the head, and the trimming is distinctive—a sort of snood effect of fine veiling which billows out instead of lying flat, and tiny feather wings quite distinctly Valkyrie. In much the same mood are velvets in darker shades, such as a flat-crowned hat with a brim of draped velvet, veil-trimmed, and a velvet turban which fits the head snugly and has a double *chou* standing straight up off the brow.

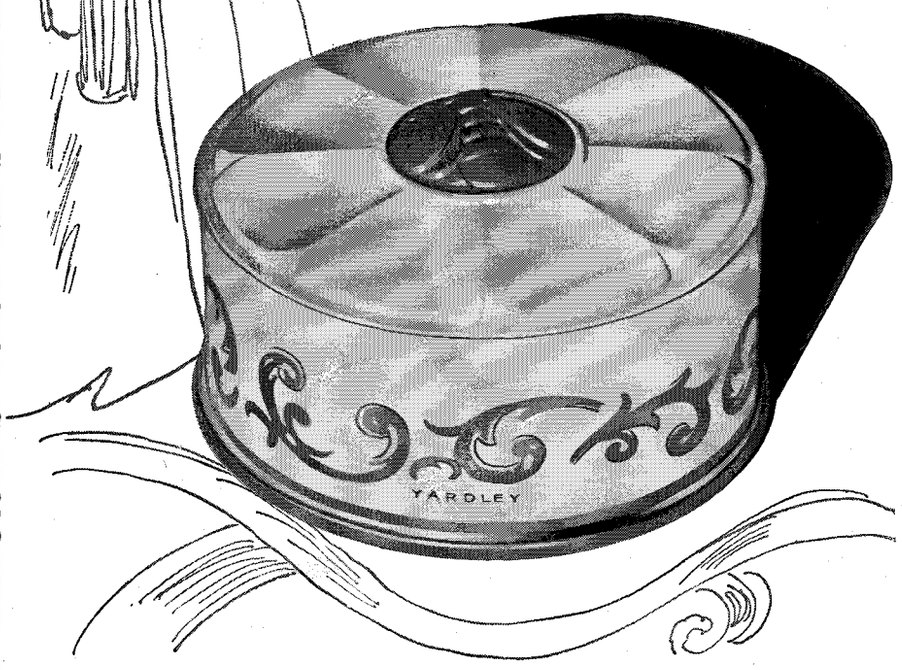
CAROLYN NELSON, at 1 East 57th Street, is a boon to womankind in her way. She gives facials which can scarcely be called facials, in the ordinary sense of massage and patting. On the theory that health comes to the skin from within, she uses all manner of heat apparatus to stimulate circulation. She also uses various cream masks, a special type for every need. There's mint for cooling and rejuvenating, cucumber for bleaching, etc. A course of six treatments to tide you over the summer is $25. After one treatment, I felt so newly hatched that I thought my friends wouldn't recognize me. They did, though. —C. W.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Charity and China

ALTHOUGH the Decorators' War Relief Shop, 6 East 57th Street, has been running at top speed for a week and it would seem safe to assume that only persons immersed in a dream can have failed to hear of it, I am not one to leave such a matter to chance. Just in case you haven't heard, this shop is the pet project of leading New York decorators, dealers, manufacturers, and importers who have banded together to raise money for war relief through the sale of merchandise donated by their firms. Since overhead expenses have been eliminated by generous contributions of time, labor, and the shop's floor space, patrons are acquiring rare house-furnishings treasures from some of the town's fanciest decorating firms with the assurance that every penny they've spent at the bazaar will be converted into medicines, clothing, and supplies for war sufferers, and no strings attached. Don't think, either, that the wares on sale are decorators' white elephants. You can buy, and at prices reduced for the occasion, wallpapers from Nancy McClelland, Jones & Erwin, Margaret Owen, Katzenbach & Warren, W. H. S. Lloyd,

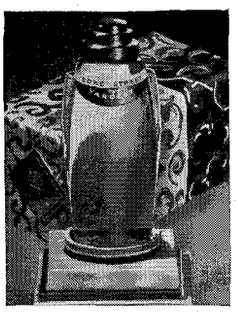
Have you ever felt the exquisite softness of "English Complexion" Powder?



Soft as the imagined touch of an angel's wing, flawlessly fine as its great reputation . . . Yardley's mist-blown "English Complexion" Face Powder is the natural choice of impatient youngsters who want to grow into beautiful women; and of beautiful women who want to *stay* beautiful.

Gently perfumed with "Bond Street" perfume. In eight lovely shades. Try English Peach or Deep Peach.

At YARDLEY, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all better drug and department stores. **$1.10**



YARDLEY'S

"ENGLISH COMPLEXION" POWDER PERFUMED WITH "Bond Street"

"BOND STREET," *perfume of brilliant sophisticates, is available in sealed packages at $2.50, $4.50, $8.50, and $13.50 in finer shops.*

YARDLEY PRODUCTS FOR AMERICA ARE CREATED IN ENGLAND AND FINISHED IN THE U. S. A. FROM THE ORIGINAL ENGLISH FORMULAE, COMBINING IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC INGREDIENTS

If you will send 35 cents in stamps or coin to YARDLEY, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York, you can obtain a generous box of "English Complexion" Powder and a lovely little trial flask of "BOND STREET" Perfume. Write your name and address in margin and check shade desired. ☐ English Peach. ☐ Deep Peach.

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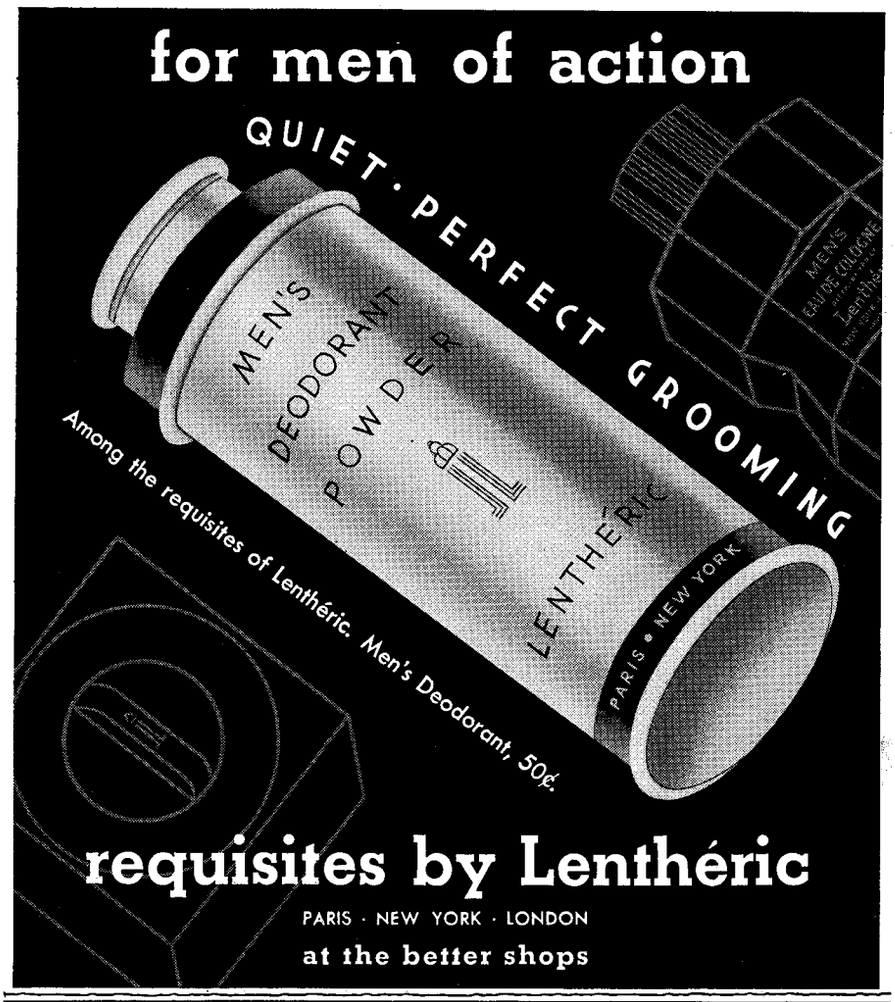
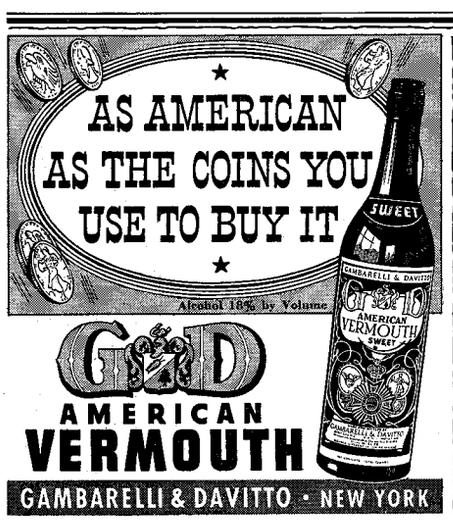

for men of action
QUIET · PERFECT GROOMING
MEN'S DEODORANT POWDER
LENTHÉRIC
PARIS • NEW YORK
Among the requisites of Lenthéric. Men's Deodorant, 50¢.
requisites by Lenthéric
PARIS · NEW YORK · LONDON
at the better shops

Contemporary Science and Art representing the United States

. . . are combined in two unusual exhibits, each of which displays the talents of fifty-three painters—representing each state, territory and possession—and three hundred International Business Machines Corporation research engineers and their assistants. These exhibitions will be interesting and enlightening to all who have an opportunity to visit them in the company's Galleries of Science and Art:

WORLD'S FAIR OF 1940 IN NEW YORK
International Business Machines Corporation's building
GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION
Palace of Electricity and Communication



and similar sources; museum-piece antiques, and modern furniture designed especially for this sale; and bolts and sample lengths of fine decorating fabrics from such specialists as Scalamandré, Arthur H. Lee, and Howard Schaeffer, the yard goods starting at around $2 and some of the sample lengths going for ten cents. There are one-of-a-kind lamps, shades, boxes, screens, and rare porcelains; many paintings and splendid reproductions of modern masters; in short, it's a collection that offers all the allure of your favorite auction room, with the added attraction of spiritual rewards always in the background. The shop will be open for another three weeks, at least. Be sure to take advantage of it while you have the chance.

PEERING ahead toward the fall decorating season, W. & J. Sloane have installed a complicated affair called a "tryout room," designed for customers who can't visualize. Watching the room take form is a fascinating business. With your apartment plan in hand, porters push adjustable walls about on overhead trolleys and slide windows, doors, and fireplace into position, until suddenly there's your room before your eyes, ready for the next step, which is furnishing and decorating. Then in come curtains, furniture, bolts of upholstery fabrics, and a machine that throws splashes of colored light, one at a time, against the walls, to help you come to a decision about a background (the tints are too watery to be wholly effective, but it's a good try).

If your decorating project is merely a matter of a chair or two and perhaps some new lamps or curtains, Sloane's decorators will fill in the rest of the room with furniture and fittings duplicating your own things as closely as possible, so you can be sure your new selections will blend with what you already have. Since a setup like this obviously can't be arranged at a moment's notice, it's necessary to make an appointment, submit plans, and run in for a conference a day or so ahead, but it's worth the trouble for anyone who is jittery and uncertain about decorating matters.

THE hunting is excellent along Madison Avenue right now if you're in the market for ceramics. At Pitt Petri, 501 Madison (52nd), connoisseurs may be found daily, lovingly stroking the plump, dimpled sides of Jugtown pottery pieces from Steeds, North Carolina, and babbling excitedly of glazes similar to those achieved by the ancient Chinese. The famous potters of

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Jugtown ware have sent vases, bowls, platters, and ashtrays to Petri. They are priced, astonishingly, from $1 up.

Without stepping outside the door of this shop, you can satisfy yourself that American mass production of pottery is doing all right, too. Russel Wright's ceramic tableware, inexpensive, handsomely glazed in curry-colored chartreuse, granite gray, creamy white, and other fine colors, and in shapes to tempt fondling, is there to uphold the honor of our native commercial art. This ware is fine for informal meals, whether you mix the colors or take them straight.

Despite present unhappy shipping conditions, Alfred Orlik, 375 Madison (47th), has a tremendous store of English and French porcelains of genuine beauty and worth. Dressing-table sets in hand-painted French porcelain are a new note in the collection. They're expensive ($80 for a hand mirror, hairbrush, and clothes brush backed with the porcelain; between $5 and $10 each for cream jars, atomizers, etc.), but lovely in dusty peach, pale turquoise, white with gold, or with multicolored flowers painted upon white. Cream-and-sugar sets in Limoges china on a matching china tray are $25 a set. Covered bouillon cups and saucers of English silicon china bear the traditional deep-blue Willow pattern touched up with gold; $66 a dozen. I don't know where you'd find anything finer for the inevitable October brides.

ONE of those inventors who toss through feverish nights thinking up ways for us to reward our weekend hostesses has come through with the Photo-Match. This puts it up to you to get hold of the negative or a very clear print of some picture your benefactress might like to see staring at her from match covers all over her house. You take your prize to Hammacher Schlemmer, Abercrombie & Fitch, Bergdorf Goodman, or Saks-Fifth Avenue, and there it will be transferred to little books of matches, fifty for $7. They're attractive as can be, and the possibilities, of course, are endless.

Laggard vacationers who haven't done a thing about providing for the safety of town wardrobes during their coming absence should be just the ones to love the Lincoln Warehouse Corporation for its new storage plan. A steel cabinet, roomy enough for twenty garments, as well as a reasonable number of blankets and curtains, is sent to your door, is packed with the things you want stored, and carted off to the warehouse, where the contents are treated with a

At his breakfast, clad in tails,
Claude Hurd eats imported snails.
In his dress or at his meal
Things domestic don't appeal.

Flannels? At the thought he wilts.
Much prefers to dance in kilts.
Snap-brim hat? "How crude!" he says,
Putting on his Turkish fez.

Rum? The tropics get *his* trade;
Says Claude—"Where else is it made?"
Doesn't know New England's rare
Pilgrim is beyond compare!

Sure New England rum is best!
Don't believe it? Make this test:
Pour some Pilgrim—note its hue;
Deep, full-bodied, through and through!
Sniff it—note the rare bouquet.
Raise it to your lips—why, say!
Have you ever tasted such
Rich, delicious rum? Not much!
Pilgrim's *straight* rum—every bit.
Makes some 30 drinks a hit!
Why not get our booklet (free)*
Then—try *your* pet recipe!

90 Proof

*At your dealer's, or write Box NY—2, The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, New York. Copr. 1940.

RUM

PILGRIM

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OPPORTUNITY:

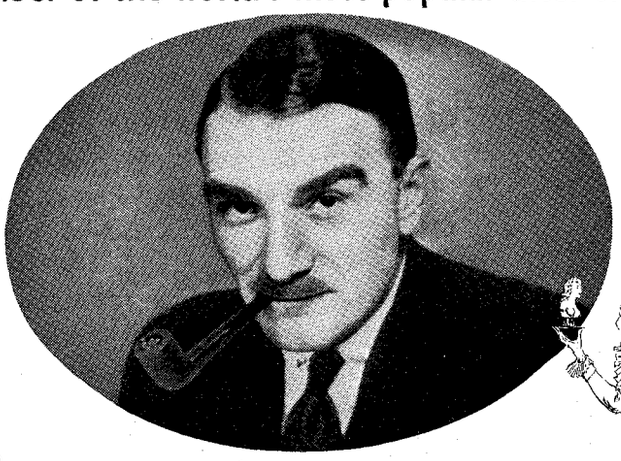
Better tobacco is worth more! Those few extra pennies for Marlboros buy you a world of extra delight.

IVORY TIPS protect the lips. Also plain ends.

A PRODUCT OF PHILIP MORRIS

Mr. Boake Carter

is a member of the world's most popular after-shave club



You are invited to join

Expert on national and world affairs, noted radio commentator and columnist, Boake Carter says:

"I've used Aqua Velva for years. It's the most refreshing after-shave I know. Cool as an iceberg . . . and it has the zip that goes with a good shower and shave, a sunny morning and a bouncy step to the office!"

Electric shavers use Aqua Velva *before* and *after* shaving. It's the world's most popular after-shave, backed by over 100 years of experience. Try it!

TO JOIN OUR CLUB, send us your name and address. We'll send a generous trial bottle of Aqua Velva. Write: The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. AA-15, Glastonbury, Conn. Offer good in U.S., Canada only.

moth preventive and the cabinet is sealed. In the fall, you recall the cabinet, have it emptied, and, if you like, refilled with things to be stored for the winter. The whole cabinet, incidentally, can be called home at any time if you find it suddenly imperative to get at something inside. —B. B.

SPORTS, GAMES, ETC.

New Lawn Games and Some Specialties

THE shops show considerable uniformity and good sense this year about lawn games. There are fewer completely silly ones than usual—the kind that are conceived with such archness you end up by stamping on the box and giving the ball to the dog. Three or four of the new games, however, are just silly enough to be fun (without being pointless) and may be worth looking into as midsummer distractions. Most of the department stores, together with places like F.A.O. Schwarz and Abercrombie & Fitch, have what's called Skoup-Croquet, which is sufficiently different from ordinary croquet to put serious-minded experts in their places and give amateurs a fighting chance. It can be played on any lawn of about twenty by thirty feet. Wickets are set out as in croquet and the catch is that these wickets are very peculiar indeed. The ball, a rubber one, isn't just hit under them but must be shot up at them, as you shoot a golf ball in an approach shot, and go through a sort of hoop on top of the wicket. To make this shot, you have a special mallet with a concave head. Most of the rules of croquet apply to the game, and for straight shots (or for whamming your opponent's ball off the lawn) you use the other end of the mallet head, which is flat. With this game, a spirited houseparty can engender a healthy lot of ill feeling in no time, especially among expert croquet players. Once the latter begin to get the idea, however, they seem to like it—and seem to win, too. Sets for four players are $6.95; for six, $8.95.

Swedish Ring Catch, another innovation found in most of the stores, borrows something from deck tennis but covers more ground and can take care of more people. Instead of a deck-tennis net, a line is used to divide the playing field, each half of which may be anywhere from twenty-five to a hundred feet square, depending on how many people you have, what sort of people they are, and how hard a workout they want. It can be played by two, four, and up. The equipment consists of

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wooden swords and a wooden ring. The idea, as in deck tennis, is to toss the ring where the other side can't catch it. You use a sword to fling the ring, and your opponents try to spear it on their swords and fling it back. The main requirements are a reasonably sure eye and a willingness, plus the ability, to run. Twenty-five points, scored as in deck tennis, comprise a game. The price of a set for four players is around $3.50, with an additional charge for extra swords.

"Aerial bowling" is the phrase with which the stores describe a game called Bol-Li-O. The description is as good as any, although the game isn't much like bowling, really, and is not what I would call aerial. However, it's something to do and isn't bad fun. Five miniature duckpins are set up in an open space and bombarded with rubber balls from a distance of ten feet. One moment, please—that's not all there is to it. The rubber balls are attached to your wrist by an elastic and no knockdown counts unless the returning ball is caught by the sender. The ball comes back fast, and usually from an unexpected angle; snaring one on the rebound is not the easiest thing in the world. Any number of people can play, making up two sides. The set costs around $2.50.

Abercrombie has a new game all its own, called Rob-O-Ling. It's a combination of shuffleboard and bowling, and to play it you need a sizable stretch of flooring, wood or concrete. Regular tenpins are used and the object is to knock them down with heavy, flat-bottomed ducks, which you slide at them. The ducks have fingerholes, and you use the bowling technique in manipulating them. Pins and ducks, $25.

SPECIALTIES: Macy has a collection of recently imported outdoor dart boards with wire loops, so they can be nailed to trees. They start at around $3. . . . Wanamaker has those miniature chess sets which *aficionados* like to carry to country places and beaches on weekends. Interrupted games can be resumed any time, as the counters have peg bottoms that fit into holes in the board, the whole being contained in a neat, folding case; $5.95. . . . A novelty for those who love the pitch-the-ball pastimes at the Fair and Coney Island is Darkie, a canvas target with a painted face whose open mouth is ready to receive perfectly thrown balls. At Abercrombie; $5. . . . Schwarz, with something called Kro-Golf, has produced a new lawn game by crossing croquet with putting. Four balls, four mallets, nine wickets, and five metal "holes," into which you rap the balls after they've gone through the wickets, are used. It's $9.95. . . . "Games Outdoors," a new illustrated book by Ray J. Marran, is a fine bulwark for harried parents. It describes enough strenuous recreation to keep even the most forceful children at bay; $2. —E. F. K.

• •

BEL GEDDES BLUES

"I Have Seen the Future," and I want to look away.
Oh, the future of the future and the dawn beyond the day!

The bevelled landscape chills me, and the chiselled mountainside
Is a stricture like a lecture to a bridegroom and a bride.

The polished farms are perfect and the factories a dream
Of Labor without Effort and of Engines without Steam.

The institutions cluster on the modernistic hills,
And I survey the slumless day from plastic window sills.

The forests are selected, and the thoroughfares climb high
From an irrigated valley to a regulated sky.

I crave a nook of crookedness, an old abandoned house
With useless cupboards harboring a soft, anarchic mouse.

I need a crazy field of corn beside a rimless pool
Where undetermined children tumble headlong after school.

Oh, I have seen the future, and I want to go back home
To unsanitary Egypt, to the alleyways of Rome,

To the village like a maple tree—and this is what I mean—
To a vista of the future without quite so much machine.

—MARSHALL SCHACHT

Discover the favorite whiskey of metropolitan connoisseurs . . . The Perfectly Balanced Blend . . . at a Budget-Balancing Price.

CARSTAIRS White Seal

A SUPERB BLENDED WHISKEY FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

86.8 Proof. 72% grain neutral spirits.
Copyright 1940, Carstairs Bros. Distilling Co., Inc., New York City

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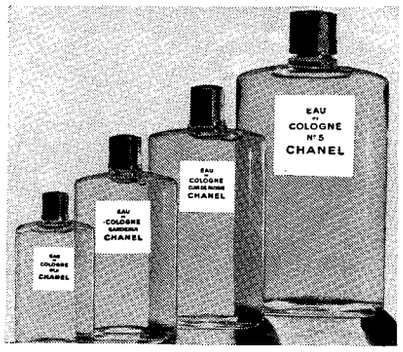
COOL, FRAGRANT

Freshening

CHANEL EAU DE COLOGNE

A boon for body and soul when heat and humidity soar . . . A cool echo of famous Chanel perfumes to use for Summer fragrance . . . A sparkling, tingling freshener after every bath. Four generous sizes $1.50 to $10.00.



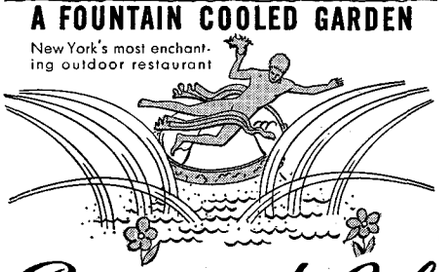
Perfumed with
No. 5* RUSSIA LEATHER
GARDENIA and No. 22*

CHANEL INC

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A FOUNTAIN COOLED GARDEN

New York's most enchanting outdoor restaurant

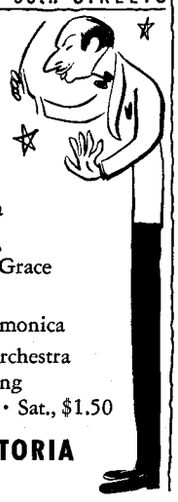


Promenade Cafe

Prix fixe luncheon $1.25. Prix fixe dinner from $1.50. Also a la carte. Cocktails from 35¢. William Adler and his Continental Troubadours, nightly except Sunday. Circle 6-5800.

ROCKEFELLER CENTER
LOWER PLAZA 49th and 50th STREETS

Starlight Roof



XAVIER CUGAT
and His Famous Orchestra

GEORGES & JALNA
Dancers of Incomparable Grace

LARRY ADLER
The Virtuoso of The Harmonica

★ MISCHA BORR and His Orchestra
★ Dinner and Supper Dancing
★ Couvert after 11 P.M., $1 • Sat., $1.50

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

THE TENNIS COURTS

Watch Parker!

A CONSCIENTIOUS tennis enthusiast, guided by the press, would have been hard put to it last week to follow instructions. Don McNeill, the new national clay-court champion and, the journalists tell us, a man to watch this year, was playing at the Seminole Club in Forest Hills. Frank Kovacs, described as a daring hitter and a man who will bear watching, was at North Conway, New Hampshire. Archie Henderson, called the sensation of the Southern Circuit and definitely a comer who should be watched, showed up in Spring Lake, New Jersey. Riggs and Van Horn, national champion and runner-up in 1939, were in Indianapolis for the Western Championships. The enthusiast aforesaid might have consoled himself in this bewildering state of affairs with the thought that he could catch the entire gang at Boston in the Longwood Bowl competition, which was scheduled for July 15th, if the Longwood Bowl hadn't been withdrawn this year for lack of funds. As it is, heaven knows when the comers, the sensations, and the men to watch will get together and destroy a few of their number. The thing has dramatic possibilities, with everybody winning almost every tournament he enters until, bang, they all collide at, say, the Coonamessett Ranch Tennis Club in Hatchville, Massachusetts.

PARKER fans, anyway, knew just where to find Frank last week. He was at the Bathing and Tennis Club in Spring Lake, going after his third Clifford Hemphill Challenge Cup. He had already won six legs, or two Cups' worth, in six successive years, so Spring Lake had come to be looked upon generally as his bailiwick. Furthermore, the club officials have made him feel even more at home this year by hiring his coach, Mercer Beasley, as the club pro. No wonder the galleries were exceptionally Parker-conscious throughout the tournament, even to the point of seeing him through some fairly dull matches while far better tennis was being played on neighboring courts. One shocking example of this single-mindedness occurred when three-quarters of the day's attendance passed up a flashy three-set match between Gardnar Mulloy and Ladislav Hecht to watch Parker beat Gerard Podesta 6–2, 6–3. In the Mulloy-Hecht match, Mulloy, the winner, was hitting hard and accurately, while Hecht, even in the two sets he lost, was retrieving beautifully. Hecht, a small man, won the second set by maneuvering his way to the net and, in spite of his comparatively short reach, refusing to be passed.

Parker's forehand, if you can stand hearing it mentioned again, has improved enough to allow him to use it as an attacking weapon somewhat more than he used to, but it's still puzzlingly awkward. The rest of his strokes are so nicely coördinated that his weakness in this one department ranks with such other unsolved mysteries of the game as the Tilden volley and the Shields backhand. Parker's own backhand is a lovely piece of work and well worth his running around his forehand to get to it. He needed his backhand and everything else he owned to struggle through his semifinal match with Ted Schroeder, who may be classed as a sensation, a comer, *and* a man to watch. Parker's victory over Mulloy in the finals was sadly anticlimactic, because Mulloy just couldn't seem to do anything right. He did no better later in the doubles, which was too bad, because everybody wanted his partner, Allison, who had been beaten by Hecht in the singles, to leave with at least one title. Allison showed that he hadn't lost his touch as a doubles player, but he couldn't handle Schroeder and Jack Kramer all by himself. He and Mulloy managed to take only one set from the young and very vigorous Californians.

IT was found last week that the bathing and the tennis of the Spring Lake Bathing and Tennis Club are a little too close, geographically, for comfort. The pool is about twenty-five yards from the two main exhibition courts, and there were times when you couldn't hear the umpires for the splashing. The club's tots were playing porpoise during most of the matches, coming up for autographs at the intermissions, and then throwing themselves, dripping and screaming, back into the water when play was resumed. Hecht was visibly disturbed in his match with Mulloy, muttering to himself what was probably the Czecho-Slovakian for "Is it then amphibious, the American infant?"

—D. E. L.

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PRELUDE TO BRIDGE

AT nine o'clock that evening the doorbell rang.

"Henry, get it please, will you? Tell them I won't be a minute," Julie sang out from the bedroom. She added, "And please be nice to Margaret's husband. She's been dying for you to meet him. And, Henry, remember we're only playing for a fortieth!"

Henry dropped his evening newspaper, stood up and stretched, then walked briskly across the living room of the apartment and opened the front door.

"Hello, Margaret," he said. "Glad to see you."

Margaret shook his hand, saying, "Hi, Henry." She took four steps into the living room, looked over her shoulder to see her husband still in the doorway, and quickly added, "Oh, Henry, I want you to meet Leonard."

Henry smiled and extended his hand. "Any husband of Julie's friends is a friend of mine," he said.

"Hahdayado? Nice place you got here," Leonard said, thrusting forward a blue straw hat which he had been carrying in his right hand.

Margaret inquired after Julie and promptly went to find her. Leonard sat down in a large chair next to the radio. As soon as Henry had put away the blue straw hat and Margaret's coat, he strolled across the room toward the large chair, propelled by habit, and then, seeing Leonard seated in it, veered off to the piano stool and sat down on that.

"Cigarette?" he asked Leonard, rising about six inches off the stool and reaching toward the tea table.

"No, thanks," Leonard said.

"Don't use 'em?"

"Oh, sure I use 'em."

"Just laying off for a while?"

"No, I finished one in the elevator."

"Oh." Henry took a pipe out of his pocket and began tapping the stem of it against his teeth. "It's going to be hot as hell tomorrow," he said.

"I just heard the radio on the way over," Leonard said. "It said cooler—maybe rain."

"Hmm, I thought it was going to be hot as hell."

"Tricky weather."

"Sure is."

Leonard reached his arm over the side of the big chair and gave the radio dial a few twirls, without turning the radio on. "Didja hear Roosevelt?" he asked.

"Yeah, we just heard the last part," Henry said.

"Well, whatja think of it?"

"I'd say it depends on—"

"I thought it was lousy," Leonard broke in, without waiting to hear what it depended on.

"You did?" Henry put the pipe back in his pocket.

"You can't spend what you haven't got. I told the whole thing to Margaret four years ago."

"We think Roosevelt's done a pretty good job."

"That's where you're wrong. How much do you think the national debt is?"

"Around forty billion."

"Oh, no, it isn't. Forty-two billion nine hundred and sixteen million—as of last June fifteenth. Whatdaya think of that?"

"Hmm."

Leonard went on, "The trouble with Roosevelt is he doesn't know Europe. He's never been there."

"What?"

"Well, has he?"

"Been there?" said Henry. "I'll say he's been there! Made his first trip when he was three years old. Went over every summer from the time he was seven up to fifteen. Made two trips over during the war—came back on the same boat with Wilson."

"Well, what the hell does that mean?"

Henry plunged ahead. "Did you ever know Roosevelt was arrested four times in Germany?"

"Yeah?"

"Sure. Four times the same day. That was on a bicycle trip he made. He was a kid, of course, about nineteen. He ran over a goose or something. I forget what the other three were."

"Listen," Leonard said with finality, "he's got a financial policy that's got more holes than a sieve. Now, you take my line of business—"

"You're in advertising, aren't you?" Henry asked.

"Me?"

"Oh, no—that's Joe Wendel. I'm sorry."

"I'm in biscuits."

"Oh yeah, Julie was telling me."

"Ready-Bun, up on Thirty-eighth Street."

"Oh yeah."

"Now, in our line of business—" Leonard continued, taking a cigarette from his leather case.

"Here, have one of these," Henry cut in. He rose from the piano stool once more to reach for the tea table, but Leonard waved him down. Caught off balance, Henry descended on just half the stool and it tilted unsteadily for a moment.

"No grocer will buy your biscuits unless he has absolute confidence," Leonard said. "Now, in my sales department we've got half a dozen young colts who make the rounds every day. I try and drop in on the best customers about once a week to check up. See?"

"Ummhmm."

"Now, there's a little fellow down on Third Avenue. Got sort of a combination grocery and butcher shop. That guy'll buy anything I bring around. He knows that if I tell him he can move a dozen a day of any particular number—well, he knows that's just what he can do. Follow me?"

"Yeah."

"What's the good of me telling him he can move three dozen when I know damn well he'll have 'em hanging on the shelves for a week? He gets stung a coupla times and we're through. You take the new number we brought out last Wednesday. It's a soft-roll item with icing on top and raisins, four in a package, triple wrapping. Thing like that keeps for two days, maybe three. I said to this guy, 'Sam, I'd suggest you take two dozen.' What did he do? He took two dozen and a half. See, that guy knows he won't get stung."

"Ummhmm."

"That's what you call confidence."

"Sure," said Henry. He got up and walked around the big chair to a small one near the desk. "Been to the Fair yet?" he asked.

"Hell, yes! We're nuts about it!" Leonard replied with gusto. "They're doing a swell job out there."

"We've been out once or twice," said Henry.

"What do you think?"

"I dunno. I don't see what's so wonderful about it."

"Oh, you just haven't given it a chance."

"Listen, the last time we were out there we walked ourselves dizzy. Nothing but a lot of advertising. I would have done the thing up altogether different. I'd charge a quarter to get in, in the first place."

"Why?"

"Why not?"

"There's nothing wrong with advertising."

"I don't want it thrown in my face," Henry said. He tilted back in his chair, then caught himself and came forward, remembering that the left rear leg of the small chair had been glued together after the Bealls' visit last Friday. After

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Light—
not heavy—
with a flavor
found in no
other brew

A TRUE ALE, with the extra flavor coming from ale yeasts, Ballantine's is, at the same time, a particularly lively drink . . . bright, brisk, sparkling . . . brewed especially to the American taste.

Call for a glass of Ballantine's Ale today. Taste it critically . . . and you will meet the most satisfying combination of qualities ever brewed into an ale . . . PURITY, BODY and FLAVOR . . . with the emphasis on *FLAVOR.*

Millions enjoy Ballantine's Ale above any other brew. On sale coast to coast...in bottles and cans (12 oz. and full quart).

Copr., 1940, P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

BALLANTINE'S America's Largest Selling **ALE**

a three-second silence, Henry asked, "What do you think of *PM*?"

"What do *you* think?"

"Well, I'd say they've got a tough job ahead of them."

"I could have told you that twelve months ago," Leonard said. He suddenly perked up, as if two of his thought waves had crossed and made contact, and he said, "This country needs rubber and tin more than anything else, y'know that?"

Henry perked up, too. "Who said so?" he asked.

"We could use forty per cent more rubber right now!"

"Maybe we could, but we're not going to," Henry said. "What do you think Hitler's got on us? I happen to know that we've already got a synthetic rubber that beats anything the Nazis got, and twice as cheap!"

"Listen, I know from our business that synthetic products don't get you anywhere. If you're going to get confidence, you need the real thing—every time."

After a pause, Henry said, "You ought to read whatchamacallit—you know, that fellow that's under Hugh Johnson."

"Who—Clapper?"

"Yeah."

Henry took his pipe out again. "I wouldn't be a bit surprised if it rains like hell tonight," he said.

"I'd say it's gonna hold off until tomorrow." Leonard pressed out his cigarette butt, and leaned back in the large chair, expanding. "You know, you've got to spend money to make money. I remember when J. B. and I cornered Otto Morton—you know, the chain-store Morton—we played golf with him three times and purposely lost twenty-nine dollars apiece to get his account."

Henry chuckled. "I wouldn't mind if you'd try that with me," he said.

Leonard laughed politely.

After another pause, Henry said, "I wonder what's holding up the girls?"

"Probably got wound up in some gossip. You know these women," said Leonard.

"Julie!" Henry shouted. He turned to Leonard. "What say we play for a fortieth?" —HOWARD WHITMAN

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From an Adv. in the New Masses*]

WHEREVER YOU GO THIS SUMMER . . . to a beach, to the mountains, to a camp —it doesn't matter where, you'll be having a wonderful time IF YOU HAVE NEW MASSES WITH YOU.

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LAVENDER

LAST Tuesday I received a letter from Mrs. Craig-Higgs. It was written the day after the French capitulation. You and I, that day, were saying, "Poor England! It won't be long now." Mrs. Craig-Higgs, on the other hand—but here is the letter itself.

The first couple of pages are filled with news about friends and a word of thanks for small favors from us, such as our deciding to fly the bombers, rather than tow them, over the Canadian border. Then it goes on: "My dear, what must you think of me for having done nothing about the lavender? I meant, really, to attend to it at once, but unfortunately, Jenkins, my gardener at Laurels, volunteered for the Mercantile Service for duration and had to go away immediately. I mean, it was quite proper for him to volunteer, but it did make things a bit difficult about the garden, owing to the fact that Jenkins' uncle, who took over the job, knows next to nothing about gardening. That is, the man is quite able to carry along the garden in his fashion for duration, but when it comes to matters like the lavender he is helpless—just the opposite of Jenkins, who would have known at once what to do."

At this point I was considerably puzzled, and stopped to think. Finally I recollected that several months ago, when we all thought the war was phony, I had written to Mrs. Craig-Higgs asking if it would be possible for her to send me some lavender plants from the gardens of Laurels, her country cottage. It was a foolish request, war or no war, and I forgot all about it even before things began to happen so swiftly and tragically in Europe.

"If you happen to remember it," the letter went on, "there are three lavender beds at Laurels. Perhaps the one you have in mind is the long, narrow bed near the sunken garden. This lavender . . ."

Here, Mrs. Craig-Higgs had certainly been interrupted in some way. Not that she said so. There was no break of any kind in the sentence, no extra space or jog or even a dash. Her pen merely moved on from there with what appeared to be fresh determination. She bore down harder on the paper, used more ink and continued.

". . . has a too splendid color, very blue, and we value it especially, in fact, because it comes from a root from Windsor Castle. It was presented personally by the Lord Chamberlain himself to a cousin, long since deceased, Major General Sir Emory Craig-Higgs, when he was a gentleman-usher in the Queen's Household during the eighties. We call it the Windsor Lavender, perhaps needless to say. The lavender in the squarish bed near the tennis court is equally interesting, however, for reasons of sentiment and history. In fact, it . . ."

Again the letter had been interrupted. I knew it! Still there was no explanation. Mrs. Craig-Higgs wrote on.

". . . goes back centuries and directly to the gardens of Mary Queen of Scots at Holyroodhouse. It would take a whole book, my dear, merely to touch on the course of that lavender in our families alone. It's on the mauve side, with the individual flowerlets rather larger than the Windsor variety. And then, finally, there is the third, or utility, bed in the kitchen garden, which might do well on your American soil. The difficulty of choosing for the best without Jenkins here to advise has caused my delay. The kitchen-garden lavender has a fine color and a strong, clean scent, grows abundantly, and is excellent in every way, except that I know nothing about it. It was there when we bought the place. In any case, Jenkins—"

For the third time there was a break, and this time Mrs. Craig-Higgs explained it, though she will probably consider it a weakness to have done so.

"Since I started this letter four hours ago," she wrote, "the air-raid sirens have sounded three different times. Each time I've left this desk, roused the maids, who were in bed, then put on my coat and hat and got my bag, knitting, gas mask, and umbrella (*it is raining*), and gone with the maids to our shelter, and sat there until the all-clear signal let us return home. Owing to the ghastly ideas of the Nazis, the war gets worse every day. One wouldn't mind so much if they waged war decently. Well, anyway, they'll soon be in for a jolly good lot of disappointment for a change. But all that is quite beside the point, of course. I shall close by saying that Jenkins is luckily home on leave just now and will know which lavender is best and get me a cutting to send you by a friend who is leaving for the States soon. I do hope it takes root and does well."—FRANCES CRANE

•

THE AGE OF TOLERANCE

[*From an adv. in the Times*]

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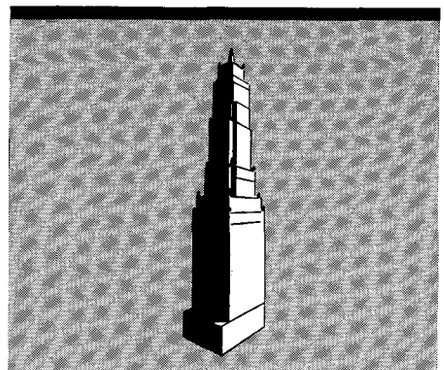

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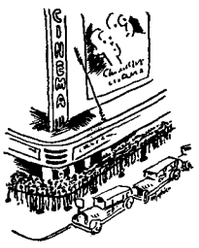
HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN LAURENTIANS

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Some Groans

PRETTY much rag-bag stuff in general, the movies I have just seen deal with the doings of that older day before the current war. The obvious deduction, however, that they might therefore be cheerful things turns out to be highly misleading. What they manage to do, in fact, is merely to remind us that even in that beautiful, bright period there was trouble on the earth. There's scarcely a ray of gaiety in any of them. The merriest note struck anywhere is in a short, the new "Information Please," and there a number of competent and mature gentlemen allow themselves some polite gibes at each other and Mr. Wendell Willkie displays a nice knowledge of our history and our folkways, if not of our nursery rhymes.



As for the feature pictures and their grim contents, guiding us as they do into such mossy byways as the brutalities of prison life and inherited insanity and the tricks of underprivileged children, they are, I fear, far from dazzling. Clemence Dane's "A Bill of Divorcement," which in its time has been of value on stage and screen to Katharine Cornell and Katharine Hepburn, is now made to be of service to Maureen O'Hara. Both the other ladies have fared well, having stepped from this vehicle into fame, and it is possible that the sombre rôle will be a good-luck piece for Miss O'Hara also. It's not really, at this late date, a very shiny good-luck piece, though. This study of family madness, of the bad blood of the house of Fairfield, and of how, when the daughter learns of it, she sacrifices her own hopes of love and marriage and dedicates her life to the care of her lunatic father, is somewhat shoddily put together here. There's nothing shoddy in the acting itself. Fay Bainter, Miss O'Hara, Adolphe Menjou, Herbert Marshall, and Dame May Whitty can't be shoddy. There's some abruptness, however, in the direction, and a certain crudity in the adaptation. We are so bleakly told early in the piece that the young lover, who is eventually to be jilted, must hurry off to get his father out of jail. As the whole business has to do with sensitive and proud families, this summary and casual treatment of the errand seems almost to burlesque the problem. Occasional lapses of this order detract from the sense of veracity. In the Hepburn film, John Barrymore, as I can remember after all these seven years or so, put on a startling bravura show as the mad father with a musical talent, which I don't think Menjou equals. Menjou is more usual, more the ordinary family mental case. Dame May, as a sane relative, is properly solemn, and Miss Bainter, as the mother who seeks freedom and another marriage and gets both, is adroit and delightful, though she has no chance here to wear the bungalow apron we often see her in, and which so becomes her.

"DEVIL'S ISLAND," the brutal prison film, follows a familiar pattern throughout. We find Boris Karloff as a famous surgeon convicted, unjustly, of treason. There are guillotinings, floggings, scenes in the pits of solitary confinement, and a desperate escape through those jungles. Moviegoers know such geography as well as they do the West Forties. I saw nothing new in the film except some detailed views of the guillotine at work.

"You're Not So Tough" takes us to the problems of the Okies again, but serves rather as another chance to display those "Dead End" children, who, by the way, can't be thought of much longer as children. They are as noisy and assured as ever, and the film centres more on ranch life than on any exposé of conditions in the Southwest and has no connection whatsoever with anything Steinbeck. . . . Horses and landscape (in Technicolor) are the substantial elements in "Maryland," which otherwise trundles along very much like the recent "Kentucky," life being similar in those luxurious and fortunate states. . . . The old Siwash stories which George Fitch wrote decades ago form the background for "Those Were the Days." Ancients can remember the collegiate antics and hazards in the series and may find again a hint of their cumbersome, rather appealing humor here. William Holden, Bonita Granville, and Vaughan Glaser (as the irascible judge of the campus scene) resuscitate the wit of undergraduate hazings and such explosions of high spirits as wrecking a streetcar.—JOHN MOSHER

•

Her husband's eyes softened. He put his rather stooped shoulders around her.
—*Sweetheart Stories.*

They may be stooped, but they're limber.

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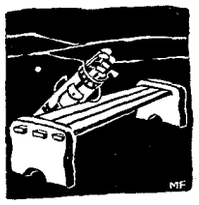
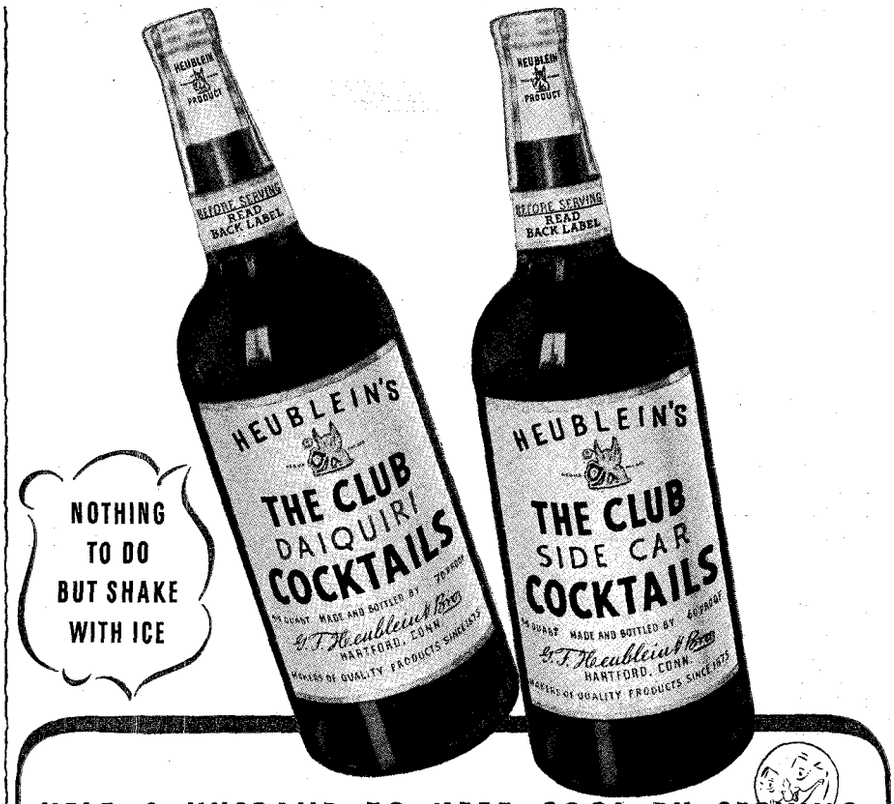
TEE AND GREEN

The Tortoise and the Fisherman



A FEW weeks back I wrote that Maureen Orcutt, in winning the Women's Metropolitan Championship, had accomplished a feat which was especially notable because she holds down a full-time job as a newspaper reporter and therefore has no time for the hours of practice most tournament golfers can't seem to live without. It's still a feat, but not so notable a one as Tommy Shevlin's in the recent Long Island Amateur Championship. Shevlin spends most of *his* time catching swordfish and tuna. Up to the day the tournament began, he had played perhaps a half-dozen rounds since the first of the year. I doubt whether he has ever practiced in his life, and this was the first important tournament he had ever played in. He had just returned from winning a tuna contest at Cat Cay and must have felt the ground still rocking under his feet as he travelled around the Sands Point course during the qualifying round. Yet he qualified with a nice 76 and then proceeded to beat Frank Strafaci, the pre-tournament favorite, and Herbert Scheftel, one of Long Island's best, before losing a close decision to the winner, Tommy Tailer, in the semifinals.

Fishing is supposed to develop one's patience, a quality which Shevlin certainly needed in his first-round match with Strafaci. At the end of the fourteenth, the fisherman was two up. Then Strafaci started playing with more and more deliberation. He slowed the play down so drastically that it took well over an hour to get from the fifteenth tee to the eighteenth green, where the match ended with Shevlin one up. I'm not suggesting that Strafaci loitered in order to upset his opponent, who likes to play fast; it's more likely that he was trying to overcome his own nervousness. In any event, it was only the spectators and caddies who were upset. Shevlin, when he noticed that the pace was lagging, simply sent to the clubhouse for a shooting stick and sat down. While Strafaci pondered his approach shots and considered his putts, Shevlin gazed around at the scenery. At the eighteenth, a short par 4, after Strafaci had twice addressed his ball on the tee and then turned away to think things over some



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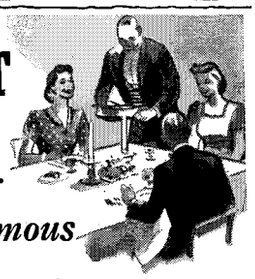

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more, Shevlin good-humoredly asked him, "Do you often take this long?" "Yes," Strafaci replied. "Sometimes I get nervous, especially with an eight-iron second shot coming up." Shevlin said nothing further until they had walked up the fairway after their drives. Then he said, "Well, here's your eight-iron shot, and you'd better hit fast *before* you get nervous." Strafaci took his time just the same, and approached to within about twenty feet of the cup. He missed the putt, but not until he had studied it for almost a quarter of an hour. "Long enough," as someone remarked later, "for Shevlin to have landed a medium-sized sailfish."

I SUSPECT we'll be hearing a lot more about Felix Zaremba, the twenty-year-old ex-caddie who was defeated by Tailer in the final of the Long Island Amateur and then went on to reach the final of the State Junior Championship at Sleepy Hollow last week. He lost to Douglas Ford after leading him one up at the end of the first eighteen. If he can cram in enough experience in the next month or so, he'll make some of the big boys sit up and take notice at the National Amateur. He has the shots, the style, and the temperament of a champion. His chief need, it struck me after watching him in the Junior event, is a greater faith in his own judgment. He scored a mediocre 79 in the qualifying round almost entirely because he insisted on asking, and accepting, his caddie's advice on what club to use. Having been a caddie himself for years, he should have known better. On the first hole, for example, after a good drive, he took out a No. 7 iron. His caddie said no, a No. 4 would be about right, so Zaremba compromised on a No. 5 iron and carried well over the green. He went through the same procedure on five or six other occasions during the round, each time with disastrous results. If he'd followed his own impulses, he might have been nearer 70.

Well, otherwise Zaremba's a very sensible youth. A senior at the University of Mississippi, he plans to be an advertising man. —P. W. W.

•

DEAR MR. S——:

Mr. Green will be pleased to see you on Friday morning at ten o'clock.

Sincerely yours,
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Sec'y to Mr. Green

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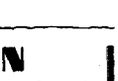

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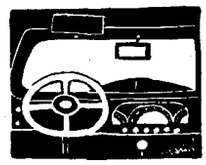
MOTORS AND MOTORING

Corlears Hook to Harlem

IF you live on the middle East Side and want to drive to Connecticut, or to Albany or to the Berkshires, the new link of the East River Drive from Forty-ninth to Ninety-third Street gives you an easy route. Instead of having to go over to the West Side Highway and up the Henry Hudson Parkway for quick transit, you can now get on the East River Drive practically at your door and cross the Willis Avenue Bridge into the Bronx. From there, if you want to get onto the Merritt Parkway, you go into the Hutchinson River Parkway via Whitlock Avenue and Eastern Boulevard. If you're looking for the Bronx River Parkway, you turn off Eastern Boulevard into White Plains Road.

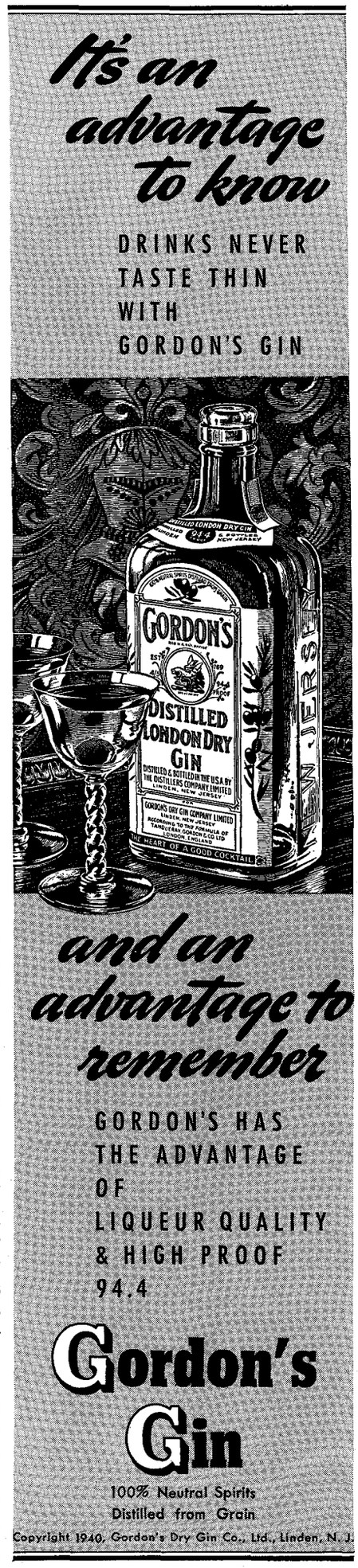


It's an adventurous trip up the new link. Signs attached to pillars at one side of the Drive warn you dramatically, "Here the roadway rests on piles," "Here the southbound Drive runs overhead," "Here the river is under you," "Here the river is sixty feet deep." It gets you so excited you almost forget to steer. I can't think of any other stretch of road in the East that provides so many distractions in a space of two miles. As you doubtless know, the southbound is superimposed on the northbound from Fifty-sixth to Sixty-third and from Eighty-first to Eighty-ninth Street. A pedestrian promenade rises above the lanes to form a third tier. One moment you're out of doors, the next you're plunged into a shining white tunnel open on one side, with the river visible between steel columns. The whiteness and the stark geometry of these underpasses are like something at the Fair. The roadway clings to the edge of Manhattan Island like a Grand Canyon trail. The backs of factories and apartment houses loom hugely on one side, their height accentuated by the exposure of rear foundations never meant for public view. Footbridges, agreeably designed and painted with windmill silhouettes in orange and blue, cross the roadway at several points, leading to tree-planted walks which skirt the river edge. The lampposts are of the same slim, pleasant pattern as those already lighting the lower link of the Drive, south of Eighteenth Street. In the tunnels, brazierlike fixtures throw light against the white roof, indirectly illuminating the roadway with a minimum of glare and a maximum of visibility. I tried the Drive at night and found the lighting really good.

Except for one midtown mile, you can now roll from Corlears Hook all the way up to Harlem along the East River Drive. (Corlears Hook is down by the Williamsburg Bridge.) Below Corlears Hook the Drive becomes South Street, a broad, brawling waterfront thoroughfare that will eventually be covered by an elevated extension of the Drive leading to the Battery-Brooklyn Tunnel. From Corlears Hook north to Nineteenth Street runs the link that was opened in 1937. From here on you'd better read carefully. At Nineteenth Street, the Drive turns into something called Marginal Street, an unlovely but capacious thoroughfare that takes you up to Twenty-third. Between Twenty-third and Thirtieth Streets, a new link of the Drive is now open—but to northbound traffic only and only between the hours of 8 A.M. and 7 P.M. At Thirtieth Street (by day) or at Twenty-third Street (by night), you detour west into First Avenue and bump north along a cobblestoned road until you reach Forty-ninth. Here you turn into the Drive again, and your troubles are over. The new link connects smoothly with the old at Ninety-third Street, and first thing you know you're at the Triborough Bridge.

I hope something is done about the congestion at Fifty-third Street and First Avenue resulting from the sudden disgorging of southbound cars at the end of the completed link. Eventually, of course, these cars will continue on down the Drive. But it looks as if the cops will have a constant problem on their hands for at least a year, both here and on First Avenue at Forty-ninth Street, because at present Forty-ninth is the only entrance to the northbound Drive. However, I don't want to seem to quibble. Central Manhattan is now, and has been for years, one big bottleneck. The new Drive is a boon not only to motorists who want to go somewhere fast but to all who believe that rivers, however dirty, should be seen.

I DON'T know how long it will be before we get the link between the northern end of the East River Drive and the southern end of the Harlem River Speedway. There appear to be innumerable obstacles—bridge ends, elevated tracks, wharves, and strange,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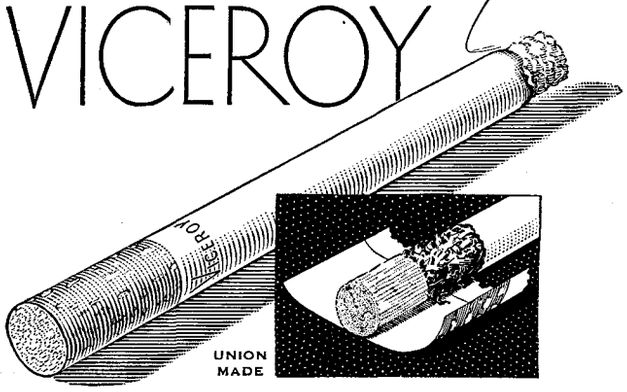

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windowless buildings—but our local road builders have hacked through some pretty solid jungles in the past eight years. When they can't go around something, they go over or underneath it. The nicest underground job in town right now is the 178th Street vehicular tunnel, which was opened just a few days after the East River Drive. It whisks you from the Speedway right across Manhattan—under Broadway, and Amsterdam, St. Nicholas, and Fort Washington Avenues—and out onto the George Washington Bridge. If you want to have a look at the tunnel, however, be prepared to land in New Jersey. When I tried the tunnel, I made the mistake of thinking that I could turn off when I reached an exit leading from the bridge ramp to the street. This one exit, I soon learned, has been blocked off; once you enter the tunnel you go to New Jersey, and you're out a dollar unless you stay there. I had no choice but to cross the bridge, pay a toll, turn around, pay another toll, and limp back. As a bridge approach, this new underground artery is welcome enough, but I'm still sorry it can't be used as the first of the non-stop crosstown thoroughfares this city so badly needs.

USING the East River Drive, incidentally, you can get to the World's Fair grounds from midtown in something under twenty minutes. Once there, you may be interested in a parking trick I discovered not long ago. I advise you to avoid the main parking field, which is so far from the Fair grounds that you have to take a bus, and go instead to the smaller field outside the South Corona gate. It's only a step from your car to the turnstiles, and once inside, you're in the transportation area, which is as good a place as any to start from. To get there from the Triborough Bridge, you drive on down Grand Central Parkway, past the parking-field signs, onto the stretch of parkway cutting through the Fair grounds, and turn right into the first exit at the end of the main exhibit area. You'll see the Firestone Building on your right and the Westinghouse Building on your left. The parking field is directly to your right as you emerge from the exit lane.

—L. K. B.

•

As a result of this research, these concerts will present a panorama of Mexican music, much of it never before heard in Mexico or in the United States.—*From a letter from the Museum of Modern Art.*

Where *was* everybody?

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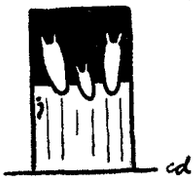
THE RACE TRACK

Those Three-Year-Olds

WHETHER or not Fenelon is the leading three-year-old is a question which hadn't risen until the Empire City Handicap last weekend. The question is now up, but not settled. Fenelon won, but lots of people who don't go mad about a horse simply because he wins twice in a row are going to reserve judgment until he meets Bimelech. Others, I daresay, will go gaily off the deep end about Fenelon. They will see a resemblance to Johnstown —which, I confess, I can't— and point out that he has the same sort of marking on his nose. You may remember that after Johnstown won the Kentucky Derby it was discovered that he had a white-and-pink birthmark which looked like a "J." Well, Fenelon has a mark which doesn't look like an "F."



I don't believe Dit could have won the Empire City Handicap, but he might have come closer if he hadn't tried to race Gen'l Manager to pieces for three-quarters of a mile. As a result of the overexertion, he tired and swerved at the head of the stretch, so Fenelon and Asp, both of whom cut the corner, beat him easily.

The next important race for three-year-olds is the Classic Stakes at Arlington Park on Saturday. In a rehearsal last week, Andy K., Gallahadion, Valdina Star, and Town Boy ran a mile over the turf course at the Chicago track. Gallahadion won by lengths and Andy K. was last. There was to have been a practice run at Suffolk Downs the same afternoon for Bimelech, Sirocco, and The Finest, who's supposed to be at least that, but it was called off when the track became muddy. Having mislaid my crystal ball, I haven't the faintest idea who will run for, let alone win, the Classic Stakes.

THE match at Boston last week between Challedon and Many Stings, with betting prohibited because Challedon hadn't run since November and might not be up to more than a good gallop, was first-rate publicity for the $50,000 Massachusetts Handicap. The idea wasn't exactly new, though. Several years ago, Alfred Vanderbilt suggested a rule which would permit horses to run in races for exercise (trainers were to announce their intentions and the animals were to be barred in the betting), but the system presented complications, such as the possibility that a horse on whom no tickets were sold might win a race, so no track adopted it. From all accounts, Challedon is better than he ever was—he was good enough last year—and if he hasn't won the Massachusetts Handicap by the time these notes reach you, I'm going to be surprised.

Speaking of $50,000 races, I expect you know that Belmont Park will have one in the autumn called the New York Handicap, at two miles and a quarter. Also, to reward the jumpers for doing so well in the spring, the purse of the Grand National Steeplechase will be increased, I've heard, to something in five figures.

Getting back to Empire City, the season's best collection of two-year-olds came out for the Nepperhan Purse the other afternoon. The winner was Price Headley's Alaking, a colt by Equipoise whose name, I suspect, is Headley's little joke on The Jockey Club's registrar, who throws out most three-word names. Second in the race was Alfred Vanderbilt's Good Turn. Third was Monday Lunch, one of the Greentree Stable's better colts, and behind him were Jock Whitney's Gun Bearer, Mrs. R. A. Knight's Par Avion, the Manhasset Stable's Wildebeest, Mrs. Ogden Phipps' Pat 'n Mike, King Ranch's Dispose, and Mrs. Elizabeth Lewis's Dark Mischief. You'll hear more from these colts at Saratoga. Other winners I liked last week were the Greentree Stable's Swing and Sway, and the Christiana Stable's Ice Water.

UNLESS you're at the tracks early in the morning you wouldn't know the carrot man, as horsemen call Mr. J. Myers, who sells roughage for the racers of the big stables. He has a truck farm on Long Island where he raises carrots and clover, and shortly after sunup he makes his daily rounds of the barns. He also finds time to train a couple of horses he races in his wife's name. One of these, Impressionist, won last weekend and paid $46.30 in the two-dollar mutuels. —AUDAX MINOR

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Jasper (Ala.) Mountain Eagle*]

Miss Jonada Smith is visiting former friends in South Carolina.

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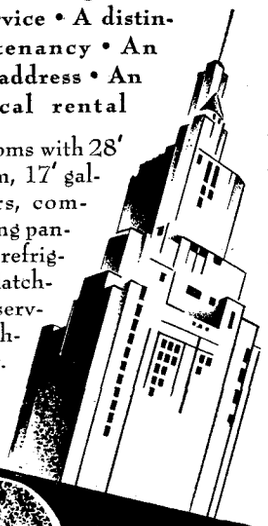

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BOOKS

Journey to Cathay—Young Man with a Piano

"THE volume which you now open, Gentle Reader, is above all, in the phraseology of the day, *escapist*—or so, at least, I hope and trust, being pre-First-World-War by nature and by my age, pre-slump by disposition, and so a citizen of no mean city. . . . I am no soldier of a cause militant. . . . Much of beauty and of merit yet remains in the old world; let those who are blind to it prepare the new." The words are from the preface to Osbert Sitwell's "Escape with Me!" As you perceive, he lays his cards plainly on the table. Aware that all the currents of the time run counter to him, he refuses to deflect his own personality in order to swim with them. Proudly he avows himself a member of that diminishing but perhaps in these days curiously serene band—the aesthetes, the eye-and-ear men whose happy limitation it is that even amid the crash of empires they cannot choose but pay rapt attention to the gleam which things rare and beautiful unchangingly send forth. I find no cowardice in Mr. Sitwell's attitude (five years ago I would have condemned it with a full complement of moral indignation) but rather a quiet sort of dignity. He remains true to himself. Nowadays that is something.

"Escape with Me!" is a record of a journey to Cambodia and China—more especially to Angkor and the Forbidden City of Peiping. There is not a trace of "adventure" in the entire book. Mr. Sitwell travelled in comfort from first to last and the only thrilling happenings were those that took place in his mind. Nor, for that matter, will you learn a great deal about Cambodian or Chinese civilization. Mr. Sitwell is no historical scholar, save of an eighteenth-century gentlemanly sort, and information, unless it be curious, is not his forte. He is after something else, something more elusive—the very form of Angkor Vat; not merely the tremendous architectural form of these greatest of all ruins but the form of the life that must have been lived there centuries ago and that still seems to permeate these jungles of statuary and unbelievable stone webs of tower, dome, and wall. And it is the same with Peiping's Forbidden City, about which so much has already been written by Sinologues and archeologists of all orders and degrees. Somehow, Mr. Sitwell seems to penetrate to the core of what is essentially Chinese. His comments on the Chinese love for deformed rocks and trees, on their restaurants, on the sights and sounds of a Peiping day have an extra dimension that the books of even the most intelligent writer-tourists do not ordinarily possess. The simple fact is that an aesthete, a first-rate one like Mr. Sitwell, sees things and feels things to which more "realistic" travellers are blind.

"Escape with Me!" is an elaborate book, constructed with care, composed in a slightly orotund, formal prose that has its own grave and studied beauty. From time to time the preciosity that is the hallmark of all the Sitwells emerges too visibly. Mr. Sitwell likes such phrases as "goggling goldfish, engaged in their eternal skirt-dance of flowing fires and veils." But I feel he is entitled to his mauve passages, for the foundation of this Oriental sketchbook is solid. It is written so that it may be read with no more and no less pleasure ten years from now, for the matters of which it treats are not easily affected by the visitations of new conquerors, having survived those of so many old ones.

The reproductions of photographs are disappointing, possessing neither clarity nor detail, except in the case of the magnificent picture of the Ming polychrome effigy of Kang T'ieh, the Eunuch General. A book about art and architecture should be perfectly illustrated, or not at all.

DALE CURRAN's "Piano in the Band" has a theme that, when you get right down to it, is hardly of world-shaking moment—the transition from jazz to swing. The time is 1933; the centre of the story is Jeff Walters and his highly successful jazz band. Walters is a conductor-dictator who refuses to compromise; he sticks to the old jazz or nothing, on the theory that the newer rhythms are non-commercial. The conflict in the band is pointed up by the disturbing presence of a torch singer

"What has eyes and can't see?"

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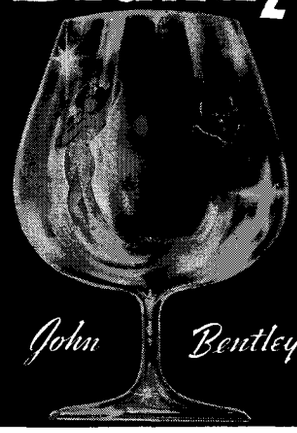
Mr. Marlow Stops for Brandy



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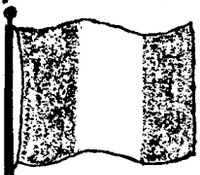

by Gertrude Stein

France's most acute observer has written the book of the hour—a brilliantly vivid portrayal of the France that is gone, a profoundly moving tribute to the France that is undying. "Gertrude Stein has unforgettably remembered France," writes "Genêt" of The *New Yorker* in the *New York Herald Tribune*, "PARIS FRANCE is one of her saddest and funniest, deepest and easiest books to read."

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(she's on the side of the swing boys) who precipitates a situation that results in the death (which is symbolic, of course) of Jeff.

This is no "Young Man with a Horn," but it's a sound story, briskly told, and, should you care about musical trade talk, full of the feverish atmosphere of that world of popular music to which everything else is alien or irrelevant. Mr. Curran has developed a neat, tight style—economical, not devoid of undertones, yet not too Hemingwayish. I'd like to see him use it on material a little less special.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

GEESE IN THE FORUM, by Lawrence Edward Watkin. An amusing, intelligent novel of college life in the South, the issue being education vs. "progress." As described by Mr. Watkin, campus conversation below Mason and Dixon's line is gossipy, spiteful, leisurely, cheerfully professional, and rather pleasant. The romantic complication is furnished by the married life of a young professor of history and his Yankee wife, who doesn't understand Southerners.

NO OTHER MAN, by Alfred Noyes. If your taste runs to novels about Europe when all but the last man have been killed in the latest and most devastating war, Mr. Noyes is willing to oblige. Of course, the last man isn't really the last. There is the inevitable beautiful girl, also a survivor of the ray of death; a villain who invented the ray and knew how to circumvent it; and a group of persons saved by the miraculous intervention of St. Francis. The trouble with these novels is that history insists on catching up with them.

MAID NO MORE, by Helen Simpson. A weird tale, mostly about two women preachers, a gentlemanly scholar from Oxford, and thirty Negro slaves. They sail from the Cape Verde Islands to the West Indies—time, around 1650—and after many adventures, including a hurricane and the slaughter of most of the crew, meet a strange fate. A better-than-average story of a slave ship.

GENERAL

TWO FRONTIERS OF FREEDOM, by John Corbin. Closely factual history of American political ideas up to the present, intended to show that we are a republic which has been twisted into a democracy. The author rec-

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ommends more business in government and believes that we should enter the European war. A bit intemperate, but the account of early political debates is interesting.

M-Day, by Donald Edward Keyhoe. This brief book explains, more or less imaginatively, just what you might be called on to do under the Industrial Mobilization Plan in the event of war. Engrossing stuff, despite the rather jingoistic tone. Official charts.

A Programme for Progress, by John Strachey. Abandoning his former either-or position, Mr. Strachey comes out boldly for reform. He advocates an eventual socialist state and proposes six broad interim measures, including a public, non-profit banking system and distribution to the unemployed of money printed for that purpose. The author also makes a detailed criticism of the New Deal and the contrasted Nazi program. Soviet Russia is not mentioned.

German Economy: 1870-1940, by Gustav Stolper. In a study of German economics and politics since Bismarck, the author argues that Hitler is no more than the end product of the dominant traditions in German life. Scholarly, but not difficult.

Gentlemen in Waiting, by Ted Peckham. Until last year, the author, now turned twenty-six, conducted an international escort service for women. He explains here how he did it, adding a nice collection of his firm's more interesting letters from clients and from gentlemen applying for jobs. Rather amusing.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Inquest, by Percival Wilde. The private lives of an elderly authoress, her publisher, her relatives, and her friends are bared at an inquest in Connecticut conducted by Coroner Lee Slocum. Mr. Wilde's characters give good accounts of themselves in this smooth, beautifully worked out story of murder under the elms.

•

WHAT SECTION OF "CUE" D'YA READ?

The lights of New York are the city's jewels, but her buttons and hooks and eyes are the squares and circles of metal that dot asphalt and sidewalks. Nobody knows how many manhole and service box covers there are in the city.—*Cue, page 24, May 8th.*

Betcha Don't Know . . .

that there are 1,250,000 manholes in Manhattan.—*Cue, page 44, same issue.*

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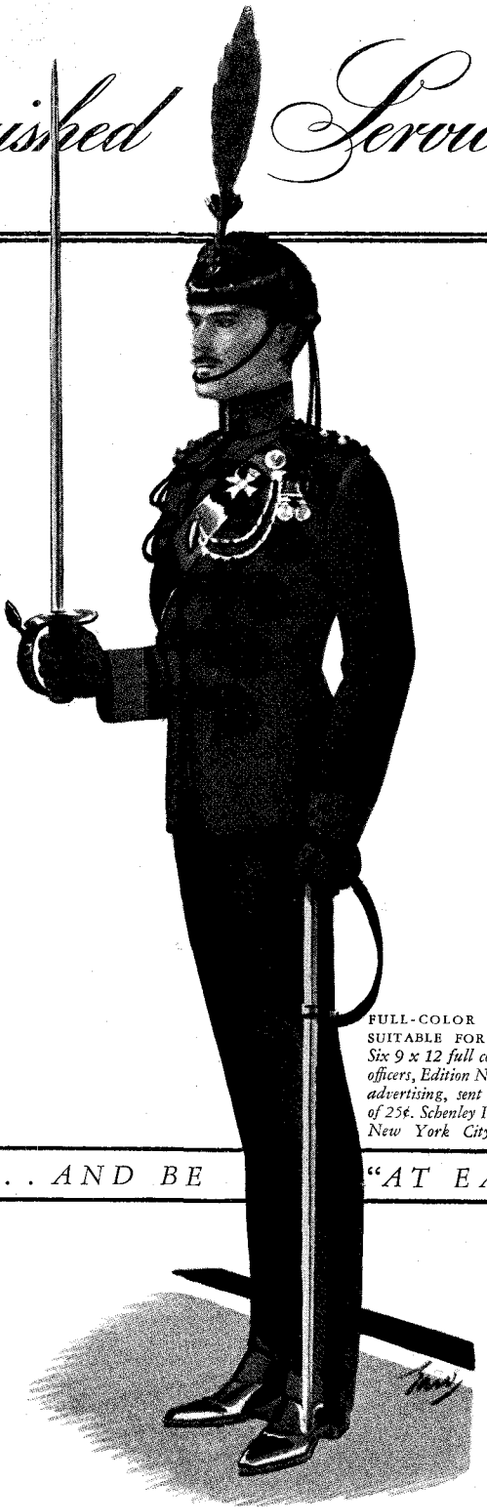

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